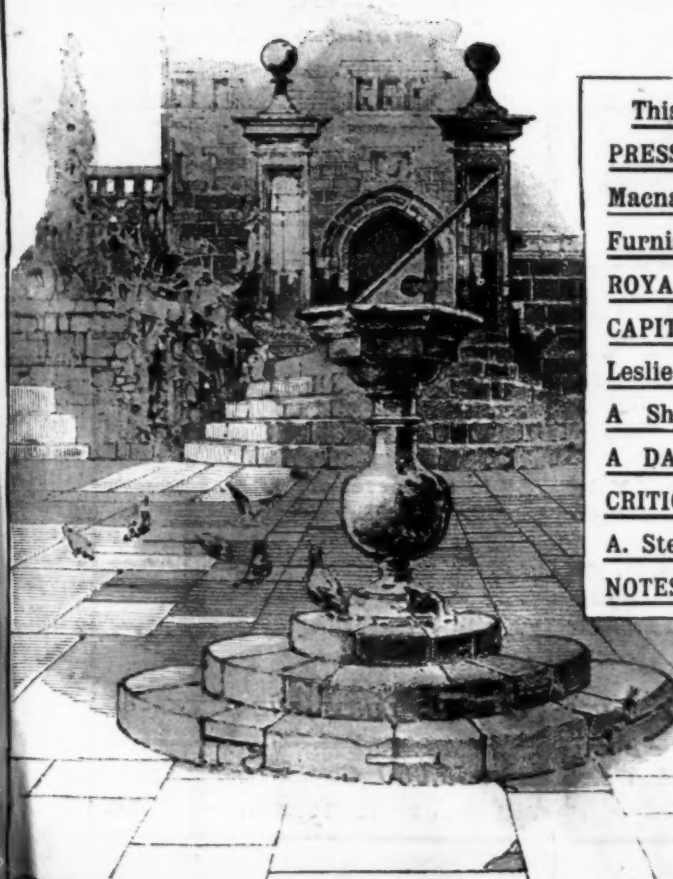


THE LEISURE HOUR

An Illustrated Magazine
for HOME READING



This Number contains more IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT, by Dr. Macnamara, M.P., illustrated by Harry Furniss; MANDELL CREIGHTON; THE ROYAL ENGINEERS; DAWSON, THE CAPITAL OF YUKON TERRITORY; Leslie Keith's Serial, THE DECEIVER; A Short Story: JEREMIAH'S 'OSS; A DAY IN A WEAVING SHED; THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH, by John A. Steuart; JOHN WESLEY; SCIENCE NOTES; and Fifty-five Illustrations.

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MARCH 1905

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SIXPENCE

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Specially drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Harold Copping

LIKE SOME POOR GIRL WHOSE HEART IS SET
ON ONE WHOSE RANK EXCEEDS HER OWN.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, Canto LX.

Impressions of Parliament

BY DR. MACNAMARA, M.P.

Illustrated by Harry Furniss

III

IT has in recent years become fashionable to sneer at Parliament as "The Talking Shop." A moment's reflection will show that the implied criticism is absurd. Of course Parliament is "The Talking Shop"; and of course men go there to talk just as one goes to a coffee-shop to drink coffee, or to a beer-shop to drink beer. Parliament is the one great National

everything. (And, let me add, very ably does that odd seventy talk when it is upon its legs.) The result is that there is too much talking. Hence the modern sneer about "The Talking Shop."

The remedy is very simple in theory, but execruciatingly difficult of application, as reform always is when ancient institutions have to be tackled. In the first place, we



UP-STAIRS IN COMMITTEE

Forum. The Nation's views for and against every public issue are promulgated from it. Decisions are arrived at. They are put into operative form in the shape of Acts of Parliament. That is all.

Where the Parliamentary machinery breaks down is, in fact, that it has not been modified to meet modern necessities. A hundred years ago not a fourth of the six hundred and seventy members wanted to speak on any question at all. To-day, as a result of Local Authority training and a thousand and one other things, most of the six hundred want to have an occasional say, and the odd seventy want to talk on

want Parliamentary devolution. To the Standing Grand Committees on Law and Trade should be added Standing Grand Committees on Finance, the Army, the Navy, and Education. Men would then devote themselves to these subjects and bring to the full Assembly their matured and formulated judgments. Then we want to secure that Bills which have passed, say, the Second Reading, shall be taken up afresh in the following Session at the point they had reached at the close of the preceding Session. As things stand at present, unless a Bill has actually passed through all its stages in both Houses and

Impressions of Parliament



A LITTLE REMINISCENT OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND

received the Royal Assent it must be taken up again *ab initio*, if at all. It may miss its final stage by the merest accident or the most barefaced obstruction. That doesn't matter. It must be begun all over again. It is so funny as to be more than a little reminiscent of Alice in Wonderland.

Then we must devolve more upon the Local Authorities. Here are a very few of the subjects with which the House of Commons or the House of Lords as a whole (and sections of these houses "up-stairs" in Committee) concerned itself last Session:—Ayr Tramways Bill, Acton Improvement Bill, Barnard Castle Gas Bill, Birkdale Improvement Bill, Brymbro Water Bill, Colney Hatch Gas Bill, Gomersal Gas Bill, Richard Jaegar's Patent Bill, Maidenhead Bridge Bill, Toot-hill Nether Urban District Tramways Bill, and the Strabane Raphoe and Conway Railway Bill. These "Private Bills" are read a First, Second, and Third time in both Houses. They are taken in Committee up-stairs before a "Select Committee" of members in each case. Often the report to the House of the "Select Committee" leads to a long debate—very frequently eating up the whole of an evening sitting—in the full House of Commons. The "Committee" stage proceedings up-stairs are often protracted

and always most expensive to the localities concerned. Little Urban District Authorities frequently have to spend thousands of pounds in bringing up witnesses and in briefing the fabulously well-paid leaders of the Parliamentary Bar. And after all it is touch and go whether they won't have to commence it all over again before the Lords' Committee, or before both next Session, if the Bill encounters any one of the thousand pitfalls set for it, and should fail to get through by the end of the Session.

The Scotch, always practical and economical, got through a Private Legislation Procedure Act some Sessions ago. Under it, instead of witnesses coming up to Westminster, a small panel of members goes down to Scotland and takes the Committee stages of the Scotch Private Bills. This is a great saving of money and enables the Select Committee to study the local problems on the spot. The only possible objectors to the scheme are the gentlemen of the Parliamentary Bar, who probably object to going down to Scotland to do their business, and who conceivably resent being robbed of the opportunity of skipping from Committee to Committee, taking their brief-fees with them. A similar scheme almost got through for Wales the last Session. It will probably pass into law next year. Then will come Ireland's turn.

But in addition to this hearing of the Committee stages of Private Bills in the localities there must be greater devolution of public matters upon the Local Authorities of the United Kingdom. Fancy the



DISILLUSIONED

Impressions of Parliament

Imperial Parliament of the British Empire—responsible directly for a Home Population of 41,500,000 people, and through its Colonial Governments and administrations for a population of 360,000,000 millions living upon 12,000,000 of square miles of the earth's surface—spending an evening on the Maidenhead Bridge Bill, or the London County Council's Verminous Persons Bill, or Colney Hatch Gas Bill. The thing is too funny for words.

But since Parliament is "The Talking Shop" let me turn to Parliamentary oratory. How often have I been asked by a constituent for a pass to the "Strangers' Gallery" when "something interesting is on—Chamberlain or Balfour, or something of that sort!" And how often has my visitor come down-stairs unspeakably disillusioned and unutterably bored! He has been sitting up-stairs, looking down upon benches for the most part empty, straining his ears to catch a badly-conducted conversation on something that was quite unintelligible. And yet many millions have been passing away under his nose, or commas have been introduced the effect of which will be to revolutionise the daily lives of thousands of his fellow-subjects away out in some far over-sea dependency. That is the British House of Commons in work-a-day garb.

Of course when it comes to the winding up of a two days' debate on a Vote of Censure on the Government, or the close of a big debate on some ominous Amendment to the Address, or the finish of the Second Reading debate on some acutely controversial Government Bill, the scene changes.



HENRY CHAPLIN



JOHN REDMOND

The Benches are full to overflowing. Men crouch in the gangways. Speeches are vigorously delivered. Cheers and counter-cheers resound through the Chamber. And the atmosphere is charged with an electricity that makes the eye keen, the cheek flush, and the blood tingle. Even the *blasé* parliamentarian of twenty years' standing is then aroused.

But even then the old grand style of oratory has gone. The pompous and stilted period, the rhodomontade, the long classical quotation, the studied digression between the subject and the predicate, the *ore-rotundo* delivery, are things of the past. Mr. Chaplin and Mr. John Redmond alone remind one of the style of other days. Indeed, from the point of view purely of conventional oratorical "style," I should say that Mr. John Redmond is the only "orator" in the House. He is the Barry Sullivan of Westminster. (He is, by the way, more. He is a very shrewd, clever, incisive speaker who can *précis* an opponent's speech in his mind and reply to it in as clear, lucid, and convincing a manner as any man in the House. Moreover, he "jines his flats," as the actors say, as well as any man in the House.) Mr. Chaplin's manner, rather than the substance of his speeches, reminds one of the good old days.

Impressions of Parliament



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT

It is, however, grand without being pompous, gesticulative without being jerky, and elaborate without being tedious.

The last of the old school of Parliamentarians was that rare controversialist, Sir William Harcourt. He kept alive the old traditions to the last. When he came to the point of delivery of some carefully-contrived attack on the enemy, its method of execution was a thing to behold. He would step back, throw out his great chest, give an enclitical chuckle at the back of his mouth, and turn momentarily to his followers—who whooped wildly because they well knew what was coming—and then face the foe with a big fist clenched upon the dispatch box and fire off his broadside. How we *did* cheer, to be sure! Ay! he knew how to blood the hounds behind him. And with what dignity would he march down the middle of the floor of the House literally leading his followers (according to ancient usage) into the right Lobby!

But while the old order of Parliamentary oratory changeth, the new is not one whit behind it in effectiveness and dialectical ability. And easily first as a clear, acute, and relentless debater comes Mr. Chamberlain. Here is a man of an invincible physical courage, a rare alertness of mind, a ready choice of simple and direct phraseology, a withering scorn, an unrelenting activity, and an unrivalled assurance. If there is a joint in your armour you need be

in no manner of doubt. Be it never so well covered Joseph Chamberlain will find it. He will play with you as a cat does a mouse, till he thinks the moment has come, and then, as if it were a flash of lightning, in will go the clean-thrust rapier, only to be drawn out with a sneer of contempt that, after all, you were an opponent of such poor and paltry mettle!

As a debater I should, I think, put Mr. Asquith next. Nature has been singularly kind to him. He has a fine steady presence and a voice of splendid weight and resonance. His head is always clear and cool, and he is never more well in hand than when he has to "wind up" for the Liberal Party at the close of some big debate. On such occasions he displays the highest and most acute forms of forensic skill, as both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour know to their cost. And when, at the close of such a speech, you see him dive into his pocket for an extract, you may be sure that he is going to quote from some speech by his opponent which will make his followers behind rock with laughter and then cheer like mad, and will make everybody else in the Chamber look very sick for a moment and then break out into a generous smile of admiration at the cleverness of the somewhat lumber-



THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH

ingly-delivered and yet terribly effective *riposte*. It is said that Mr. Asquith's legal training has made him cold, that he does not inspire enthusiasm, and that, whilst his appeal to the intellect is irresistible, he never touches the heart. Perhaps so. But that is because he probably has the supremest contempt for gush. He strikes me as a

man who would consider it beneath himself to snatch support by sloppy and slushy sentimental methods. For Mr. Asquith's reply to debate is, above all, conscientious. It is both in form and substance as grave an undertaking to him as the address by a bishop to a number of Confirmation candidates would be.

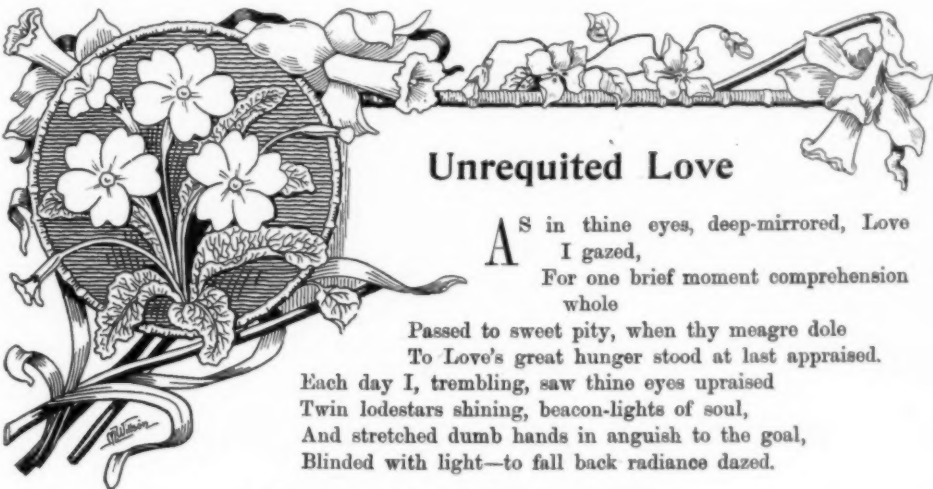
Curiosities of Words

Lammas.—The Old English or Anglo-Saxon for "bread" or "loaf" was *hlaf*; hence *hlafmæsse*, which afterwards became *lammas*, is "loaf-mass," i. e. the feast held on the 1st of August, when loaves of bread, made from the first ripe corn, were presented as an offering to God. The form of the word made people imagine it meant "lamb-mass." "Lammas-lands" are lands which were private property till the 1st of August, when they were thrown open as common pastures till the next spring. There being only one Lammas in the year, "the latter Lammas" is a name for a day that never occurs; "at the latter Lammas" means "never."

Lantern is only a corrupt form of the word *lantern*, which is itself taken from French *lanterne* and Latin *lanterna*. The form *lantern* is more than 600 years old, *lanthorn* scarcely 400.

The article being generally made of horn, people thought the name should be spelt accordingly.

Livery is connected with an old verb, *liver*; French *livrer*, "to hand over," and originally meant the delivery or handing over to a servant his allowance of food, clothing, etc., hence it meant also the allowance itself, especially the allowance of provender for horses; thus a livery-stable is one in which the horse has a fixed allowance of food. The "livery" of a servant is properly the suit of clothes furnished to him periodically, and as these were of the pattern and colour selected by the employer, the dress came to be the distinctive badge of members of the same household. There are also various legal senses, which need not be mentioned here, which embody the notion of delivering or handing over.



Unrequited Love

AS in thine eyes, deep-mirrored, Love
I gazed,
For one brief moment comprehension
whole

Passed to sweet pity, when thy meagre dole
To Love's great hunger stood at last appraised.
Each day I, trembling, saw thine eyes upraised
Twin lodestars shining, beacon-lights of soul,
And stretched dumb hands in anguish to the goal,
Blinded with light—to fall back radiance dazed.

Perchance in God's unfathomable scheme,
As I, clay-footed, plod a weary road,
Such glimpses of the goal may prove a goad,
A pauper day crowned royally by a dream;
As through the dark strikes suddenly a beam,
Straight from the port, security's abode.

DAVID MCLEAN.

The Deceiver

BY LESLIE KEITH

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

VERNEY DRAKE returns to England after an absence of ten years. He had gone away from Monnowbridge at twenty-three, because Grania Herrison, whom he loved, had married his elder brother Oliver. He finds Grania little altered, but Oliver's face gave him a disquieting shock. He sleeps in the old home, in his own old room, Grania having moved her boy Verney to another, for the occasion.

In the smoking-room, after dinner, he learns from his brother that being a banker and sole trustee for a friend's son, he had used and lost in speculation the trust money, about £40,000, and the young fellow was to come of age next month. Oliver asks Verney to come to his rescue. The sum was, within a few hundreds, almost the exact amount of Verney's inheritance. After a night's anxious thought, Verney agrees to give him the money, which Oliver promises to regard as a loan. Verney comes up to London, and takes two rooms in a quiet street off the Strand, hoping to earn money by writing.

Three years before this, a young wife, Maisie Kingdon, had been watching by the death-bed of her husband, Harry Kingdon, on the shores of the Caribbean Sea. She was his second wife, his first wife, Maimie, having run away from her home to marry him. Harry Kingdon asks his friend, Larry Fogo, skipper of the *Anna*, to look after his widow and child. Maisie went to live in New Orleans, and there she received an advertisement relating to the first wife of Harry Kingdon, who was entitled to a large sum of money under her mother's will. Maisie resolves to come home and claim the legacy, and Fogo lends her her passage money.

Sim, the family solicitor of the Drakes, recommends Verney to lodge with Mrs. Brandon, a clergyman's widow, and tells him her daughter's story. She was the niece of Mrs. Moore whose daughter had run off with Harry Kingdon and married him. Mrs. Moore disinherited her daughter Maimie, and left almost all her wealth to Miss Brandon. But her niece had refused to take it, as Maimie might be still alive. Then the lawyer gets Mrs. Kingdon's cable to say that she is coming home to claim the legacy.

Miss Brandon (Peggy) meets Maisie Kingdon and her blind child on their arrival in London, and her sympathy goes out to them both. Herrison, the war correspondent, who has been all round the world, warns Verney that he is suspicious of Mrs. Kingdon's claim.

CHAPTER XIII



HEN the cab had threaded its way through the throng of moving vehicles, each hastening from the station with its burden, Maisie leant forward.

"Who was that?" she asked, with quick hesitation.

"Do you mean the young man who spoke to me just now?" Peggy asked, a little surprised; "he's——"

"No, no," said Maisie, with some excitement, "the short fair man who stood aside."

"Oh, that was Mr. Herrison—George Herrison—the famous War Correspondent."

"He's a friend of yours?"

"Yes," said Peggy, smiling, "quite an old friend; we've quarrelled for years and years, every time he comes home. He's always representing his paper where there's anything exciting going on in any part of the world; he's just home from Bulgaria now."

"He doesn't like me," said Maisie, with sudden hardy resolution, "I think he means to be—my enemy."

"Why, Maimie," Peggy looked at her

cousin in extreme surprise, "what should make you imagine that? He didn't even speak to us."

"Oh, one has a feeling about these things," she said, with an effort after lightness that was not very successful. "It's an instinct; perhaps it isn't developed in you because you've no need for it. If you had lived my life—" She paused, and Peggy wondered what flood of remembrance was surging through her mind. "When you are alone and have to fight your way you get to be very quick in knowing whom you may trust."

Peggy was a woman, and therefore an instinctive creature, but she knew that instinct is not always a safe guide, since it may easily enough move in a wrong direction, but she thought it a little odd that Herrison should have insisted on Maimie's appearance as ill-timed and inconvenient. And now Maimie, without so much as a word exchanged with the War Correspondent, was convinced that he distrusted her.

Was there really any unguessed subtlety of character in Herrison that awoke this aversion? How delighted he would be if one told him that! She smiled, remembering his childish vanity. Aloud she said—

"By the way, he told us just now, before

The Deceiver

your train came in, that he had been in Nicaragua. Perhaps you met him there?"

"No, never;" there was an energy of protest in the words. "I never saw him before to-night."

"Perhaps you'll think better of him when you next meet. He really isn't at all unkind or bad-hearted. He was very good to my father—when he was ill."

"If he cares for you, he might very easily dislike me."

for his officious meddlesomeness. Her indignation gave her words the force she sought.

"Then they know what a real joy it is to mother and me—your coming back. If you knew how much we've been looking forward to it, and what a disappointment it was to mother not to be at the station to welcome you! If she had been well we even meant to go to Liverpool."

"You are very kind," murmured Maisie,



INTO OUTSTRETCHED ARMS, WITH MOTHERLY LOVE BEAMING UPON HER, MAISIE WENT

"As my friend he ought to be my cousin's friend too."

"Oh," said Maisie, with sudden weariness, "he knows well enough—everybody must—what my turning up means to you."

Peggy flushed and trembled. She looked down at the sleeping child, soft and warm in her encircling arms, and sought for the right word. How often and how earnestly she had hoped Maimie would never know the history of her mother's will, and see, already Mr. Sim had told it! She felt a great impulse of anger against the lawyer

but speaking without interest now that excitement had collapsed.

"Oh, less kind than you think. We are only kind to ourselves. We are so alone now—we two. Isn't it odd, Maimie, that you, lost so long, are our nearest, almost our only relative? You see now how much it means to us to have found you."

The warm appeal met with no response, and Peggy felt the sudden chill of repulsed love at her heart. Then suddenly she knew that Maimie was crying.

"Don't, don't," she said tenderly.

The Deceiver

"Why, surely you believe that we love you, Maimie?"

The figure in the corner struggled again into an erect posture.

"Yes, yes," she said. "I'm not worth caring for, and I think I've lost all power of caring, it all went when my husband died."

"Yes," said Peggy, with pitying comprehension.

"But I don't want to be a trouble, I want to make it all—as easy as possible. Look here, before we get to your house—is it far?"

"No, quite near now."

"I want to ask you to do something for me."

"Surely you may ask me anything, Maimie."

"That's it—you're calling me Maimie; of course in the old days——"

Peggy felt mystified.

"Mother said that's what she used to call you. Do you mean you prefer to be called May?"

"No, no, *Maisie*." The tired, nervous voice softened into a great pathos. "It was my husband's name for me."

Instantly knowledge came into Peggy's mind; sympathy her teacher. The old name was connected with all that was harsh and un pitying, the new with love that healed. In what manner soever her poor cousin had been punished, it was not through her husband.

"It shall be *Maisie*. I'll tell mother. It's a pretty name."

"We gave it to the child. Harry wished it."

"Little *Maisie*! How soundly she sleeps!"

"Will you give her back to me? I'm quite rested now." *Maisie's* mention of her husband had wakened her hungry jealousy.

"Yes, you must show her to mother yourself. Was she—was she always blind?"

"She was born blind."

The transfer was made, the tired child scarcely stirring. *Maisie's* clutch upon the little frock was fierce.

"It was a great trouble to Harry, but I was glad she could not see the place where he died—the loneliest and the cruellest in all the world."

The stopping of the cab prevented Peggy from any rejoinder, even if it had been

easy to make one. She felt with a vague sense of depression that between her own very simple and entirely commonplace experiences and *Maisie's* there was an intervening sea, which only love could bridge. And to go across into that far and unknown country might not be easy.

She pushed down the dim window-glass and looked out eagerly. The bedroom lamp was burning brightly, and quite a little gush of radiance came out into the soft night from the open door.

Upon the steps, primly important in decent black, stood the temporary help, for the moment condescending to "live in," and obligingly awaiting the arrival of the portmanteau which a street-runner already had upon his shoulder.

And behind Mrs. Prickett, taller than the little charwoman, hovering there in spite of all injunctions against getting into draughts, and breathing the night air, was the dear figure of the mother, her white Shetland shawl and white cap and her anxious loving face standing out from the darker background of the staircase.

Peggy could not chide her as she ran excitedly into the narrow hall, though she had not been out of her room for days, and had not even put on a second shawl.

"I've brought her," she cried, "here she is!"

And into outstretched arms, with motherly love beaming upon her, *Maisie* went.

Only for one minute she suffered the comfort of that kind embrace. Then she drew herself back.

"I did it for Harry's child," she said, her voice high-pitched and strenuous—her weary, faded blue eyes challenging those dark ones with the mother's love in them. "Please remember it was only for *Maisie*, for myself I never would have come back—never. I wanted to stay there."

And Margaret Brandon out of the simplicity of her heart felt that she understood.

"Oh, my dear, I know, I know," she cried—she too had her grave that she had forsaken, that her child's interests might not suffer. "We have both lost the men of our hearts, but we've each our bairn left, though yours is such a little one. Give her to me and come in and rest and eat. You've come home to your kindred."

And that was the manner of *Maisie* Kingdon's return.

For her it was a night of vigil. Little *Maisie*, waking in fright, sensitive to the

strange surroundings, had been soothed, fed, undressed, and at last lay asleep again in the little white bed drawn up by the big one, the white curtain encircling it like an embracing arm.

Mrs. Brandon and Peggy had hovered round helping, drawn to the little child and the worn mother, unwilling to leave them while ingenuity could think of anything to add to their comfort. But at last good-nights were exchanged, and the travellers left to rest.

Peggy, having given up her own room as a little nursery for the child, shared her mother's, and they talked while undressing.

"Should you have known her, mother?"

"No, but I so faintly remember her—she has something of her mother's colouring, but how ill she looks, poor thing!"

"She felt the responsibility of the journey, and the all-aloneness of it. If she were rested and happy she'd be quite pretty. She must have been very pretty once."

"I'm afraid I can't recall that. She was always shy and a little difficult to know, and we were never long enough together for me to overcome that."

"I don't think that we shall find her exactly easy to know now; we must give her time, poor Maisie; but there's one thing, mother dear, you'll have to do at once."

"What's that, child?"

"Take her out and get her some nice, becoming clothes."

Mrs. Brandon looked surprised.

"Do you think it matters, just yet? We live so quietly. Besides, she may have some nice things in her luggage. People seldom travel in their best."

"No, dear, she hasn't. I helped her to unpack their one box to get a warmer night-dress for Maisie. The child's things are the perfection of daintiness, but *she* has only another gown as shabby as the one she's wearing. I knew by the way she tossed it out she doesn't care a bit about how she looks. You can tell in a minute by the way a woman handles her things whether or not she has any personal vanity."

"I thought——" Mrs. Brandon began, and stopped.

"I know, mother, you were thinking that I've no reason to love fine clothes, or the people who make a god of them——"

"It's always such a comfort to me to see you in that plain gown, Peggy."

"Well, dear, I'm not proposing to deck myself out. I never want any dressmaker but you, but then I haven't got to convince Mr. Peter Sim and Sir John Smart and Mr. Pile that I've a right to my own money."

"Do you think they'll notice?"

"Men are always influenced by a woman's looks, and a woman's looks are always influenced by her gowns, and so are her manners, for the matter of that. Nothing like the consciousness of a well-fitted back and an irreproachable sleeve to put you at your ease."

"Peggy dear——"

"Yes, mother, I know, but really and truly we *must* deck Maisie for the sacrifice. I wonder if she'd let me do her hair? She has lots of it, but she doesn't do it justice; it would soften her face wonderfully if it were properly managed, and you'll see about the dress, won't you? Oh, black of course! I didn't mean anything else, but it may as well be of good stuff and fit her properly. If she appears before her judges in a costume Mrs. Prickett would despise, they'll be more horribly suspicious and disagreeable than ever."

"My dear, the executors are honourable men!"

"Oh yes, but honourable men are frightfully easily taken in. If she were a siren in a French frock with pathetic and confiding manners they would believe her story without any proof at all, but just because she looks sickly and poor and has no heart left to be gracious, they'll doubt every word she says. You saw how prejudiced Mr. Sim was, and now here is Mr. Herrison——"

"Mr. Herrison?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you he was at the station. He seemed to think I required protection from a designing intriguer. I could have shaken him for pretending he knew all about her before he ever set eyes upon her. Really, mother, men are frightfully small-minded."

Mrs. Brandon smiled.

"Perhaps they are thinking of you?"

"Then at least they might think justly!" cried the girl hotly. "Do they dare to think I want their sympathy? They'll only make me stick closer to Maisie. She has only you and me to champion her and"—she laughed, twisting up a thick rope of hair firmly, and stabbing it with hair-pins—

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"and Mr. Drake. He's on our side. Having peeled our potatoes, he espouses our cause. It's very nice of him, but not being in authority I'm afraid he doesn't count for much."

"I hope he got something to eat," said Mrs. Brandon, with motherly concern; "we were so taken up with Maisie that I'm afraid I forgot him. Did you remember the spirit-lamp, dear? He likes to make himself tea. I'm sure it's very bad for his digestion late at night."

But Peggy was too sleepy to be interested in the lodger's epigastric developments.

"Oh yes," she said, "and there was cold beef—everything. Isn't it queer to think that Maisie's here—under this very roof?"

Her sense of strangeness was nothing to Maisie's; here at last at the very door of her great adventure. For hours she paced the narrow confines of her room, her brain a-throb at the bidding of her heart, every image that it conjured alight in the darkness, burned into her consciousness in outlines of flame.

She saw her husband dying in the strange, lurid splendour of the tropical night, dying because life had defeated him; she felt again the passionate clasp of her arms that would have held him, and were all-powerless before the august enemy that came before the breaking day, denying her widowed desolation even one hour of darkness. She saw her child, a helpless inheritor of the night in which she might not hide her own grief, the shadow of renunciation even over her cradle.

These were no new visions, her narrow personal experience during the last three years had given them a constantly-recurring place in her mental scenery. Night after night the same bitter thoughts set to the same mood recurred in almost identical words; it was only the change of scene that stung them into more throbbing activity.

And if, as she walked about that strange English room with all London beyond and around it to remind her how immeasurably far off was the scene of her greatest joy and greatest pain, there crossed these old impressions a newer one of a girl who had welcomed her with simple loyalty, of a mother who had opened arms of love, she put them quickly from her.

She had only to pause a moment beside the little bed, to listen to the soft, quiet

breathing of the sleeping child, to kindle anew the fires of an undying resentment against those who had doomed Harry Kingdon to exile, to disappointment and failure, even the failure of the love for which he had risked everything.

"If the innocent must suffer, didn't he suffer first?" she asked, appealing to the walls that sheltered her, and not even their silent witness to the honour and honesty of his kindred shook her purpose.

CHAPTER XIV

GEORGE HERRISON when in London occupied a flat in Victoria Street; not one of those cupboard-like arrangements among the chimney-cowls where some men suffer all manner of inconveniences for the sake of a respectable address on letter-paper and card, but quite a regally extravagant suite on the first floor, near enough the pavement to afford an excellent view of that large and interesting section of the public that shops at the Army and Navy Stores.

Herrison could recognise a goodly number of his acquaintances going up and down those broad steps where the liveried porters are for ever directing flurried suburban customers to the right omnibus, or calling the carriages of the West End. He frequently found it convenient to send across to the Refreshment Department for the items of a dainty lunch or a daintier tea when he chose to entertain at home rather than at his club, for Herrison preferred at all times to dispense rather than to receive hospitality.

His flat presented a curious medley of tastes and fancies, or rather, perhaps, it recorded vast and varied opportunities of acquisition. Every time he went across the seas commissioned to describe some desperate affray, or delicate piece of diplomacy or stately ceremonial, he brought back a memorial to hang upon his walls. His biography itself was written there; bizarre and splendid; it was his boast that there was scarce a corner of the habitable and reachable globe (the North Pole has not been discovered yet) that you could not find in that index to his travels.

He had the vanity of the collector, and loved to show his trophies, and his "at homes," when some matronly friend was induced to preside and pour out tea for a bevy of pretty girls, were quite famous.

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He smiled at the girls, admired them as decorative objects, patronised them, fed them with goodies, treated them as charming children, but never even remotely made love to them. Nor can it be said that any one of them ever dreamed of giving him a heart unsought; they went to his teas because they were quite assured he was a "celebrity," and because his rooms were "too quaint," and he himself "such fun." He was considered even by anxious parents quite a confirmed bachelor, too wedded to adventure to settle down in the narrow confines of domesticity, and it would have been an immense surprise to all his friends to know that not only did he intend to marry, but that his choice was already fixed. A girl too! the lady of his dreams, but unlike those others with their light laughter and their pretty music of rustling frills—a girl who was already a woman in her brave acceptance of work, her intelligent outlook on life.

Only Sim, who, with Verney Drake, had been his school-fellow and did not like him, guessed his secret. Certainly Peggy did not, nor perhaps Peggy's mother, the simplest of women, by no means on the outlook for any one to rob her of her child.

When Drake left the little house at Kensington to keep his appointment, there was a silence upon it that he respected by going down-stairs stealthily. Peggy, as he knew, had gone out early; he had heard the fall of the door and the protestation of the rusty gate; Mrs. Kingdon was at last sleeping off the effects of extreme exhaustion.

Nothing betokened the invasion of the travellers except the presence on the mat at the foot of the stair of a limp pink-bodied doll which helplessly stared up at him out of two beady eyes.

That spoke volumes. He thought with an odd throb of the strange, god-implanted passion of maternity in the feminine heart that made even the sightless child he had last night seen in Peggy's arms a little mother too, playing the ever-recurring part of protector.

He picked the doll up; set it on the hall-table where the first passer-by should see and restore it, and went out.

Harrison kept him only five minutes waiting, and in the subsequent interview with the magnate of the *Scrutator* the part he played did him all honour. He was

neither offensive nor effusive; he asked for Drake that alone which he could ever have claimed for himself—a chance; a fair hearing.

This the editor of the *Scrutator*—a calm, brown-bearded man with a bright power of observation—readily promised. It was what he was doing every day of his life; it was the main reason for his being seated in that revolving chair before that crowded table—crowded, as Drake reflected, mainly with the offerings of the outside public ardent to be heard. Perhaps, as a member of that large and clamorous body, his own volunteered contributions lay among that dusty heap; he reddened to think of it. But Mr. Rutherford betrayed no knowledge of his visitor's previous attempts to interview him by post. Harrison had remarked that his friend had "knocked about the world a bit," and the editor, discovering that Drake's travels included Australia, spoke of an out-of-the-way corner there, and warmed to find it known. His advice was of the briefest. Some hint of not being afraid of many re-writings but a dead enemy to fine writing, and a cordial "Send us something—not too long—and don't despair if it finds its way back. The world's classics have all done a good bit of travelling before they found a niche in the Temple of Fame."

Then he turned to Harrison, and they plunged into that book talk which is surely better than any "shop talk" in all the world. And here he saw Harrison in a new light; keen, incisive: a critic both just and kindly. The very outer man seemed to lose something of its vulgar commonplace; his tweed suit became less loud; his figure put on dignity, the face that seemed so often to contradict the intellect within at last allowed the soul to shine forth. Verney Drake understood for the first time how the school-fellow he had a little laughed at, a little despised—only sneakily liked at the best, could move men by his pen to valour or to tears.

As they left the office of the *Scrutator* he tried to say a word of thanks.

"That's all right," said Harrison; "Rutherford's taken to you; he'll give you a leg up."

"I don't see——"

"Oh, you should see him when he *doesn't* like a man!"

"Then it must be for your sake."

"Or because of that outlandish place in

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Australia. Good day's work for you when you went there. I've always suspected Rutherford of a weakness for something in Australia. Something in petticoats, no doubt."

"Then it wasn't his instinctive perception of my lofty talent!" Verney laughed. He was feeling light-hearted. That talk of books had warmed him.

"You've got to give proof of your talent. Come to my rooms. I've got something to show you."

"Sure you're not busy?" It was the wonder of everybody who did not know of the midnight oil he burned how Herrison got through his work.

"My particular business this afternoon is to entertain a lady to tea. Come and meet her."

In an instant Drake's thoughts flew to Peggy, and he felt a strong, instinctive repulsion at the thought of meeting her in Herrison's rooms. He was on the point of refusing, but relief came in Herrison's next words. He looked at his watch.

"She's coming from the country," he said, "and her train isn't due yet. Come along and see my diggings."

He hailed a hansom and Verney followed him into it. The lady from the country left him quite indifferent, but he had some curiosity to see Herrison's flat, of which the fame had reached him.

The reality outdid his imagination of it. The sitting-room into which Herrison ushered him, naïvely anticipating his admiration, was tinted a vivid red, and against that background of flame were crowded pictures, weapons from every civilised and savage country of the globe, crouching figures upholding brackets; delicately-carved shelves loaded with rare specimens of china; priceless fans; strips of Persian embroidery scintillating with gold and silver. Round the room were cabinets of lacquer work not to be bought in Tottenham Court Road; tables spread with silver toys; a serpent, each glittering scale a work of art, hung its sinuous length from a mosque lamp; Russian wolf-skins draped the back of a Turkish divan, in front of which was spread a Persian prayer carpet; Venetian mirrors reflected and reduplicated these and a hundred other unique and costly adornments until the whole left on the observer an almost painful sense of oppression; colour run riot, the greed of beauty defeating its own end.

"Do you mean to say you've gathered together all this yourself?" Drake asked, glad to sit down on the divan and turn his back on half the room.

"Every single thing, except what's been given me. I could give you some queer histories if there were time."

"I know 'collecting' is a fashionable craze—but yours is on a colossal scale."

"That's only my fancy. Most people make a mistake, I think, in sticking to one thing, whether it's pictures or books, postage-stamps or tram-tickets."

"I see you've no books."

"Not so much as a newspaper ever comes in here."

"May I hazard a guess? You respect books too much to mix them up with this brilliant museum of wonders."

"Wrong," said Herrison, smiling. "I respect my museum of wonders too much to bring my working tools among them. That's my den." He carelessly indicated a door draped with an Indian shawl. "You'll find half-a-dozen dictionaries there in as many different tongues, a file of *The Times*, and an atlas, also a Bradshaw. My house-keeper doesn't find my library difficult to dust. When you set up as a literary person you can relieve yours still further by leaving out the lot (if you're a decent speller) except the Bradshaw. That's handy for week-ends off."

"Week-ends aren't for the beginner. Still, it's a fine object-lesson to see what the end may bring a man to." Verney smiled inwardly as he thought of the Aërated Bread shop, and his difficulty in keeping down the pangs of a healthy appetite. "You might call your room 'The Triumph of Literature,' Herrison. It seldom treats its slaves so well."

"Oh, you'll come to it," said his host, with a hint of patronage.

"To the power to buy up the South Kensington Museum?"

The flattered Herrison grinned.

"I've got a specimen or two they couldn't match."

"And that's your pride! It would be mine if I could write one—just one—of those 'Letters from Eastern Seas' that I dare say bought one of those costly toys of yours."

"Let's see; what did I bring from there?"

"No, don't spoil the book for me. I have it on my shelves, which, by the way, I dust myself."

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"That's business," said Herrison decidedly—"the article-writing and book-publishing, and so on; you'll soon learn to keep it to business hours, just as much as if you were a linen-draper's assistant. He doesn't carry his yard-measure into his evening recreations."

"I'm afraid I shall never get rid of mine. I'll want it to take the dimensions of all life. When I begin to collect I'll be like De Quincey, forced to flee before an invading host of books and papers. By the way, Herrison, if you go on gathering gear at this rate, another campaign or two will see you walled in."

"I've had serious thoughts of taking the opposite flat. There—my visitor! It was the bell? Just light that pastille in the silver burner, will you, Drake; some presumptuous idiot has been smoking here."

Verney obliged with a wry face. The sickly incense-like odour gave the last touch of vulgarity to the bizarre, overloaded room; by what strange twist of nature did Herrison's fine intellect come to dwell in Herrison's unrefined body?

Then he heard a voice he knew, and into the cloudy haze like some fresh clean country flower came the smiling face of Grania.

She laughed at his surprise.

"Good boy, George!" she exclaimed. "Yes, Verney, I've trapped you; I persuaded George to kidnap you and bring you here for me to look at. Since you've taken to writing you dwell in such heights that I can't soar to you."

"I certainly live in an attic,"—Verney smiled his content in seeing her again,— "but a short and easy stair would bring you to my level, Grania."

"I'll come—I must—before you soar to the stars! George, may I ask, do you hire this splendour to dazzle your visitors, or is it your own?"

"It's his own. He has bought the stars and brought them down to Victoria Street."

"And a slice of the sun and the moon with a background of storm. What a room to dust!"

They both laughed at her pathetic tone.

"I'd like to play shop here, and disperse this magnificence into the four corners of the earth."

"Thank you, Grania!"

"Just one little bit of loveliness to every

home. That's all people should be allowed, to leave enough to go round."

"I'm not so generously disposed as you seem to imagine, Grania. I've no special longing to disperse my collection for the good of humanity."

"Can we keep the best things?" she questioned gently. "My roses—they're my only treasure—scent the air for everybody. Verney, it might even be worth your while to come and see them."

"I'm sure it would be eminently worth my while," he said. With a glance at Herrison as if for permission, he got up and extinguished the brazier; she thanked him with a grateful look. "How is Oliver?" he asked, "and His Royal Highness, Boy?"

"Oliver is very well. He sent you a message, but he'll have to deliver it himself, because it was all about business. Boy sent you one too, but I can deliver that, because it was his love."

"You've brought me the best."

"If you two people are going to become sentimental, I'll ring for tea," said their host.

"Oh, do!" cried Grania, "I want something to restore my confidence in the ordinary world. Your splendours are rather overwhelming to a country person, George. Do you actually dare to drink tea here? But I suppose it isn't ordinary tea."

"No, it isn't. It was destined for a Russian Grand Duke until I diverted it."

"Is that another word for annexing?"

"No, only outbidding."

"Then we can drink it comfortably." She peeped into the pot. "I don't know what sort of complexion Grand Ducal tea ought to wear, but I suppose I daren't water it? I was thinking of having mine at Dickens and Jones', or Peter Robinson's—a shilling pot, you know, with bread-and-butter thrown in."

"Have some cake. It's only Army and Navy."

"You give me courage! Verney, can you spare an hour from your pen to do a little shopping with me? I'm staying over-night with the Bonds, but I must go home early to-morrow, and I've everything to squeeze into to-day."

"Why don't you ask me?" said Herrison. "My taste is superior to Drake's."

"I haven't seen his attic yet," she said, smiling at him, "so I can't tell how his

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taste may have developed since he began to write."

"It doesn't take us all this way," he smiled back. "Literature isn't often so gorgeously housed."

"He's staying with friends of mine," said Herrison, with a sudden note of authority, "though not on *my* recommendation."

"On Sims's," said Drake quietly. "The lady who is good enough to let me live under her roof is one of the good women who redeem the earth."

"I should like to know her!"

"She's heard often of you—" This from Herrison.

"Who is she?"

"Mrs. Brandon."

"You've never spoken of her that I remember. But if she's so nice, she wouldn't mind my calling?"

"I want you to call. I'll take you myself."

She laughed at his air of authority.

"Then it must be another day. You'll have time to garnish your attic, Verney."

"And get ready my eighteen-penny tea!"

On their way down-stairs Herrison took the opportunity of being a little in advance with Grania to ask in a hurried whisper—

"I say, how has Drake got rid of his money?"

"Got rid of it?" she reflected, astonished. "Why, he hasn't! You didn't suppose, did you, he was writing for money?"

"Some do, you know," he answered composedly, concealing his amusement.

"I suppose some *must*, but I'm glad Verney isn't of the number. It must be much easier to do one's best work when one hasn't the money reward to consider."

"That's the correct way to look at it, according to the lady novelist, I believe; hero, the disinterested literary man living for posthumous fame."

She shook her head in reproof, but went on her way thoroughly convinced that Verney wrote only from the lofty desire to benefit mankind by his wisdom.

They had a very good time, climbing on to omnibuses and gazing into windows the while she talked to him of home. She told him how Herrison had come down for an afternoon to Monnowbridge and had been not unwillingly detained in the High Street on his passage from the station by the reporter of the *Shire Gazette*.

"We get a kind of reflected glory from him, you know, and we even come into

the interview. 'Our esteemed townsman and his accomplished wife.' Oliver says if only George would give us notice when next he bursts on these shores we might take a foreign trip! If the *Gazette* could see that flat!"

"Better not! The description might be even more blinding than the reality."

"It was then I made George promise to get hold of you."

"He spoke as if he hadn't seen you; asked about you; part of his diplomacy, I suppose."

"It wasn't quite honest. I don't think I'll ever quite understand George." She dismissed him with a little frown. "I want a new suit for Boy. Velvet, I think; something after the Vandyke fashion. Will you help me to choose?"

They were about to turn into a Bond Street shop to execute this important errand when, crossing their path on the pavement as she issued from the establishment of an exorbitantly expensive and exclusive dressmaker's, went a tall and very richly-dressed lady. She was young, and held her head high with a cold and stately kind of pride, and her glance fell neither to the right nor to the left as she swiftly made her way to a small brougham drawn up at the curb.

Verney glanced at her—looked again, stared indeed, almost rudely in the extremity of his surprise, and his start when his recognition became certain was so uncontrollable that his companion noticed it.

"Do you know that lady?" she asked, but his eyes implied such reticence that she could ask no more.

"She's a beautiful creature and beautifully dressed," she said, to carry off a certain vague sense of embarrassment to which Verney's evident emotion gave rise. Who was she, this haughty woman of fashion, and what had she to do with Verney's life?

Verney was asking himself the same question. Who was she, and which was her real self? And what did she here?

For at home, in the shabbiest and cheapest of black dresses, he knew her as Peggy Brandon.

CHAPTER XV

MRS. BRANDON sat in her accustomed chair in her little drawing-room, but her lace-work lay in her



VERNEY GLANCED AT HER—STARED, INDEED

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lap. She looked rather wistfully at Maisie seated opposite her, hesitated in her choice of kind phrases, and longed for Peggy.

Maisie was not easy to talk to, and Mrs. Brandon very humbly recognised that in herself there was no cleverness to draw the visitor out. Of New Orleans she knew nothing; New York conveyed a certain clear impression, millionaires came from there, and women who bought their clothes in Paris, but New Orleans left her vague. She could not even with any certainty have pointed out its position on the map. When Maisie, glancing at the lace, said with an intention of apology—

"I'm not always as lazy as I am to-day, I used to work very hard, trimming hats for the Creoles,"—she wondered who the "Creoles" were, but the mention of the millinery gave her an opening of which she gladly availed herself.

"You must not think of doing anything till you are quite rested, you must be so tired."

"I am rested," said Maisie, stroking the hair of the little girl who lay dreamily against her arm. "I guess you think I look worn, but that's how I always look now."

"Poor child!" There were depths of sympathy in the motherly voice. "So you are clever at millinery. It was nice that you were able to help yourself in that way."

"I didn't find it particularly nice," said Maisie dryly.

Mrs. Brandon coloured.

"We have been poor too—but I think it made it easier that we were able to work. Of course that necessity is over for you now. You'll enjoy buying pretty things for yourself, instead of making them for others."

"I'm afraid that's a form of enjoyment I've outgrown," said Maisie coldly. "It wasn't in my mind to buy a wardrobe when I came to Europe."

"No, but money brings obligations, even the obligation of dressing suitably. Peggy was thinking you might like to go to one or two of our best shops, perhaps to-morrow, and order yourself some things. They can be very quickly made in London."

"Why should there be any haste?" She glanced down at her sleeve. "I dare say my gown is long behind the new fashions, but forgive me, isn't yours so too?"

Mrs. Brandon laughed.

"Ah, but I'm not an heiress, Maisie, and neither am I young, and you must very soon meet your father's two old friends, the executors of the will, and your mother's adviser, Mr. Sim——"

"Is it for them you want me to dress?"

"You will naturally like to make a good impression on them."

"I see, to lull their suspicions!"

"Oh, Maisie, they were your father's trusted friends!"

"Well, then, to encourage their belief. Peggy is very clever, she understands the value men place on externals where a woman is concerned. By all means let us get the gowns, one for each interviewer if you like, but you'll have to describe them to me so that I may make the right impression on each."

"Don't you remember them at all?"

Mrs. Brandon ignored the sarcasm. "Not Mr. Sim, of course; my sister only knew him quite of late years."

"Then we needn't waste a gown on him since he can't want to compare me with my youthful image. Do I remember the others? what kind of mental picture do her father's dinner guests make on a shy girl of fifteen in her glimpse of them in the drawing-room, except that they are stout and bald and *old*? One of them, by the bye, was not stout." She glanced out of the corner of her eyes at her hostess.

"No, Mr. Pile was always very thin."

"And I think it was Lady Smart who always, at home at least, wore an apron, more or less gorgeous as the occasion required. She smoothed it with her hands while she talked."

"How well you remember," said Mrs. Brandon simply. "Yes, she was one of the very last to cling to the old fashion—she is dead. I remember these old friends of yours so well because dining-out and dinner-giving were such wonderfully new experiences to me. Your mother and father entertained and went out a great deal, and I was generally one of the party when I stayed at Portland Place."

"My experiences began and ended with the dessert; a finger biscuit, a preserved cherry, and a chuck under the chin by some comfortable male diner, represented my share of the gaiety. It's rather typical of my life—that coming in at the end of the feasting."

"You have the full table now."

"When I've to eat at it alone."

"Yes, that takes away much of the satisfaction, still it must comfort you that your mother turned to you at the last—her only child."

"No, it doesn't," said Maisie fiercely. "Where is the charity in giving what you can no longer use? She kept not me—I don't speak of myself, I don't care for myself—she kept Harry out of the little—the very little—that would have given him life and new hope, and then, when she couldn't clutch it, her abundance, any longer, she left it to the daughter she had not troubled about for fifteen years, not even to know whether she lived or died! If I hadn't a child—Harry's and mine—I would never have answered that advertisement, I'd have gone on trimming gorgeous toques for silly Creole girls and starving handsomely on the pay. I'd have left her money to go where it liked. Why, to your daughter, to Peggy, of course."

"We are not considering that contingency," said Mrs. Brandon, with gentle dignity.

"No, because I am the mother of Harry's child." She lifted and let fall the little one's soft hand.

Mrs. Brandon noticed the action, and her tender heart melted.

"Yes, we get all the happiness that is left us through our children, we widowed mothers. You will like your abundance for all it can help you to do for little Maisie. Isn't it time she had her supper? You must tell me what she takes; my big baby thrives on bread-and-milk, but little people have their own fancies. She looks so fragile, are you not sometimes anxious about her, my dear?"

"It's only her look,"—Maisie drew the child close to her,—*"she has never been anything but the stillest little mouse. She was born with a shadow over her cradle,"* she ended bitterly.

"We must try and make England sunny for her."

"She's going to have everything—the money's all for her. If you don't mind I think she'll have supper up-stairs. I always undress her first."

"I'll see to it. Is it to be bread-and-milk? We get really good country milk here."

"Yes, thank you. Say good-night, Maisie, and mother will take you to by-byes."

Mrs. Brandon's kiss as she put her own face softly down to that little windowless face was like a benediction.

As she crossed the room Maisie threw her a glance back over her shoulder.

"I suppose if we go shopping to-morrow I can take her? I never leave her——"

"Oh, surely, if she will not be too tired."

"Won't the executors stand me a cab?" Her smile was sardonic. "It's surely the least they can do when I'm dressing up to please them. They'll have to pay for that finery too, by the way."

Mrs. Brandon hesitated.

"I'm sure when they see you they'll make everything easy. They can't keep you out of your own."

Maisie shut the door. "It's yours, my princess," she whispered, "all yours, and they shan't keep you out of it, not if your mother has to sin to give it you."

As she crossed the little passage and began mounting the stair the outer door was opened with a latch-key, and Verney Drake came in. His eye took in at once this picture of mother and child. Mrs. Kingdon went up slowly, step by step, as if even the light burden of the child were as much as she could bear, yet there was strength in the closeness of her embracing arm; the baby was pressed to her, cheek against cheek, the soft flaxen hair mingling with the faded gold of the mother's; the little girl's left arm was drawn round her mother's neck, pulling her head aside; something was whispered and they both laughed.

Suddenly Maisie dropped a book she was trying to carry, and Drake sprang after it. She turned round, startled by his step, and their eyes met. How was it he had thought her plain? Her face was alive with feeling. She thanked him formally.

"May I carry it to your room for you?" He laid it on a chair close to the open door, and was turning away when she said—

"You were at the station last night? You live here?"

"Yes, just above you. I hope my tramping overhead doesn't disturb you."

"No; my little girl sleeps very well."

First impressions, wise people tell us, are not to be trusted, but the world will continue to be swayed by them. Mrs. Kingdon, who had shrunk with an unreasoning aversion from George Harrison, felt, with quite

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as unreasoning an assurance, that here was a man made to lean on, made to trust.

She wrote that night to the captain of the *Anna*, at that moment cleaving the tropical seas, a letter mainly descriptive of the latter half of her journey, and in it she said—

"Of the few people I've met here, the one I think I could most safely trust is a man to whom I've only spoken three words, and whose very name I've forgotten. But he lodges here with Mrs. Brandon, so that you may feel that Harry's wife and child aren't quite without the chance of a protector, should they need one, now that you're so far away."

As for Drake, who was without the woman's plea for trusting to intuition, he simply felt that no woman could look like that and be anything but what a good woman ought to be, a piece of reasoning quite unworthy the vaunted masculine mind.

Two days later Sim called.

He was shown into the small drawing-room, which he found empty, but in a very few moments the door opened and Maisie Kingdon came in. She had her little girl with her, a shy sensitive little creature who clung close to her mother's side.

It is part of a lawyer's training to be observant, and Sim had come prepared to lose no single detail. He noticed at once that the unwelcome stranger was rather pretty, small and slight, pale and fair, and that her simple black dress was in exceedingly good taste, and fitted her like a sheath. (He did not know how carefully she had chosen it, or that she had allowed Peggy to play tirewoman, to the great advantage of her appearance.)

While he was shaking hands with her he made all the necessary conventional remarks, hoped she had had a good voyage, and that the little girl was better.

"This is my baby," said Maisie. "Oh, she is quite well again; she will come to you presently, but she is blind, you know, and it makes her shy."

"Blind? I didn't know that." His voice perceptibly softened. Drake used often to say that Sim had too good a heart to make a successful lawyer. "Isn't there any chance? we've good eye specialists over here."

She shook her head. The tears were in her own eyes, which looked quite blue

under them. Sim hoped she would not cry.

"She has been so from birth. Of course one might try, but we never had either the means or the opportunity."

"Well, you will have both here, or better still in Germany. I must congratulate you, Mrs. Kingdon, on your good fortune in seeing my advertisement before the year had elapsed. You know that after twelve months from the date of your mother's death you could no longer have claimed?"

"No, but then you see I know nothing. Since I left this country I have never corresponded with any one here. Mrs. Moore—you must excuse me, but I cannot call her 'mother'—cast her daughter and son-in-law off, and if, as I understand, she relented at the end, it was too late as far as any revival of affection was concerned."

"I believe there was no formal forgiveness on her part (I speak from her point of view); she simply made a fresh will in your favour. There is no harm in my telling you that I have drawn up many wills for her, and under no previous one would you have received anything."

"And, probably, had she lived, she would have revoked this?"

"More than probably."

"Then my reappearance at the last hour is certainly unfortunate for others. But you will think I'm taking things a little too much for granted. At present we are only at the stage of my answering your call. I'm here to be catechised, and hadn't you better begin?"

Sim laughed. He began to think Mrs. Kingdon was not so bad as he had imagined her. At least she was sensible and would probably not give much trouble even if she could not prove her case.

"We will make the catechism as little annoying to you as possible, but of course there are certain formalities——"

"I quite understand that I must convince you I'm not an impostor." Her smile was a little malicious.

He looked a trifle embarrassed, for had he not up to the moment of his entering the room thought it quite on the cards that she was one?

"Never mind," she said pleasantly, "it is only natural you should begin with doubts, and I was prepared for that. I disappear seventeen years ago, little more than a child, and reappear a middle-aged woman, springing from nowhere. It

The Deceiver

wouldn't be human nature, certainly it wouldn't be legal nature, to take me, and give me this very large sum of money, on my own terms."

"It is a large sum, £150,000."

"So big that I can't conceive it. I've been accustomed to reckon in pence, you see, and not so many of them. I think I must tell you, as I told Mrs. Brandon, that for myself, personally, I should never have made any claim. I felt the insult to my

little Maisie's birth, some papers connected with her husband's death and burial.

He examined these and laid them aside with a little nod, which she took for approval.

She selected and offered him some more papers.

"I found these in my husband's desk—afterwards. I didn't know he had kept them. You see they were written from Portland Place, and from the school at



THERE WAS A COPY OF HER BIRTH CERTIFICATE

husband too deeply, but this"—she laid a hand on Maisie's curls—"is his child, and for her sake I want to make you believe in me."

"My dear lady——"

"Oh, not on my word alone," she laughed; "I've brought my credentials. You would like to examine them now?"

She opened a small bag and handed him a roll of papers which he at once undid and spread open on Peggy's work-table. There was a copy of her birth certificate, and one also of her marriage, an announcement of

Bournemouth. I'm afraid they are terribly school-girlish and silly."

He took the faded little letters in the immature handwriting, but after a mere glance he returned them.

"Thank you for trusting me with them, but of course I can't read them."

"Oh, I place no value on them, indeed I'm ashamed of them. *This* is my treasure, and it is a proof of my trust to let you see it." She held a thick packet towards him. "These are my husband's journals and letters written to me when he was making his coast journeys. He wouldn't take me

The Deceiver

with him because all that region is malarial. I was only with him once on the coast, when he died." Her face became infinitely pathetic, there was no mistaking her grief at that recollection.

"I couldn't dream of reading them."

"You may if you wish it, though they were written only for me. If you look you will see he calls me Maisie. He preferred that form of May, and we called our little girl by it. We both wanted, you see, to get away from everything that reminded us——"

"I quite understand."

"I'm afraid I've nothing else to show you except some old letters from my husband's college chums. He lost sight of them very soon, in the hard life he had to lead, but there was one—a Jack Merton—who was at the marriage at Bourne-mouth, he might be unearthed, if he is still alive, and if you think he's likely to recognise me."

"I shouldn't think you are much changed."

"Then perhaps you can tell me if I still look like that."

He took from her a small and faded *carte-de-visite* photograph, executed in the early days of the art. It represented a young girl in a hoop, a jacket with wide hanging sleeves, and a pork-pie hat. She had the expression of a person who is about to undergo a serious operation, or submit to an uncomprehended ordeal, half stolid endurance, half anxious anticipation.

He gave it back with a laugh.

"They made one look anyhow in those days!"

"Oh no, I dare say that very fairly represented the Maimie Moore of her day, seventeen, a clean slate waiting to be written on; but here you have Maisie Kingdon

at thirty-four, the writing all complete. There's a whole world between."

"I hope there are still some happy chapters to add," he said, wondering if she really considered her life at an end; with the prospect of so fine a fortune, it seemed to him that she was only at the beginning of her existence.

She did not seem to hear him, her thoughts turned inwards.

Presently she roused herself.

"I forgot I had a letter from a friend, a very old friend of mine and my husband's. He knew us in our brighter days, and was with me in my darkest. During the last three years he has stood between Maisie and me and every trouble he could avert from us."

The envelope was open and the clear up-and-down handwriting was easy to read. Sim turned the sheet and saw that it was signed Laurence Fogo. It was a plain statement of fact, but it impressed the lawyer with its truthfulness. He felt a little ashamed to think he had ever doubted the lady whose honour seemed so clearly established.

"You were quite right to bring all these papers," he said, as he rose to go. "It puts things straight at once. By the bye, you remember the executors?"

"The melancholy Mr. Pile, and the merry Sir John? Better, I dare say, than they remember me."

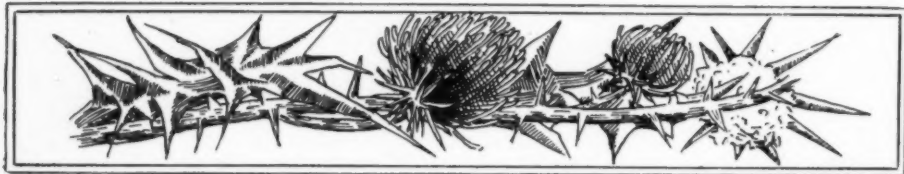
"It will be as well for you to see them."

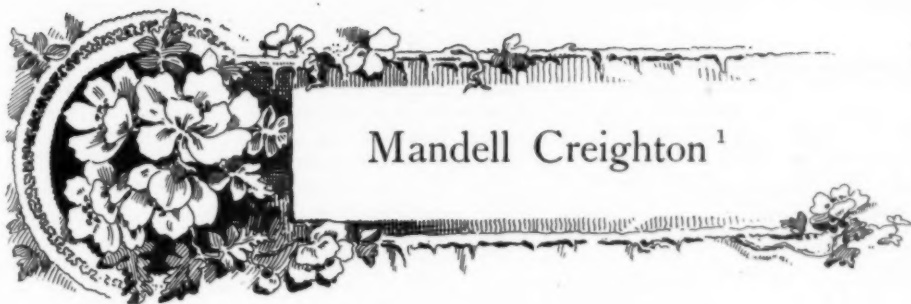
"I'll be delighted. Are they still to be found in their old haunts? Mr. Pile had a house by the river——"

"He has long left that. If it suits you I will take you. Would the day after to-morrow do?"

"It will do very well," she said, as she shook hands. "The sooner the better. The renewing of these old ties isn't all pleasure."

(To be continued.)





Mandell Creighton¹

THE incessancy of Creighton's life reappears in his biography. It is a frank and full presentation of the man through many busy years of thought and action, and is no more to be easily summed than was he himself. His intellectual activity shows from the first, if sometimes in paradox, yet always with the freshness and impulse of a strong nature, enriched with gifts of sympathy and faith that time was to reveal. Scattered through these two volumes are passages of far-reaching wisdom enough to make a stimulating Book of Thoughts, but a certain alert common-sense is even more conspicuous. In all his dealings with younger men he laid stress on the sense of responsibility as one of the greatest formative powers, he was ever wishful to awaken it, and it is plain that from the beginning this sense was a governing influence with him. We see no straining after ideals, no emotional exultation, but a sober steadfast reaching forth towards truth and righteousness in every department. In one of his letters, among other aphorisms, is this: "That is sinful which is less good than the best we know." If that were the common creed, how many an evil would be blocked from society; how many a fatal lapse saved! Apply the principle as he did to the range through which he moved—to literature and history, to the world and to the Church,—and how it points an upward course to the highest standards. It was in this spirit that much of his work was done, and with it he needed few of the maxims of the cloister.

Oxford was the determining influence of the early years. There he began the historical studies which biassed his whole career, and were at the foundation of so many of his judgments. There he was ordained, and there he married. There

was nothing exceptional in the steps by which he came to it. His grandfather had come from the Scottish Lowlands to Carlisle as a young joiner, became a partner in his employer's business, and won the respect of the townsfolk; his father thrived, and held the office of mayor. Mandell, born in 1843, grew up, we are told, "in a simple, hardworking atmosphere." He was sent to Durham, and obtained a King's Scholarship at the Grammar School; then, in 1862, passed on to Oxford, where he was elected to a "classical postmastership" in Merton. So began an association which lasted for twelve years, till he himself as Fellow and Tutor had become a power in the place. Here is a fragment from a letter which clearly indicates the searching nature of the thoughts which came to him as an undergraduate—

"It has just begun to dawn upon me now that my actions and sayings are of any consequence; before I used to think they mattered to no one outside the walls of Merton, and to few inside, but now I see that I cannot hold that theory any more—that I am seriously responsible for all I do. . . . How far is one answerable to oneself alone for one's actions? How far is one answerable to every one whom those actions may even remotely concern? How far is one's conscience to be identified with ideal truth? How far with narrow prejudices gathered in one's past life, and still narrower traditions thrust upon one without thought at all, and the entire mixture well seasoned with selfishness? I think this last is no unfair analysis of what many people call their 'conscience.' Whether it be mine or not, I dare scarcely ask myself."

He was fortunate in being a contemporary of Dr. Stubbs, who as Regius Professor of Modern History gave a great stimulus to its scientific study. Creighton lectured in his own college, awakening lively interest; but a scheme which he and other professors devised for each college throwing open its lectures to other colleges led to the system of "Intercollegiate

¹ *Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton, D.D., Oxon. and Cam., sometime Bishop of London*, by his Wife. Two vols. Longmans.

Mandell Creighton

Lectures," now adopted in both universities. The needs of this scheme threw upon him the ecclesiastical and especially the papal history, which no one else took. Here we trace the genesis of his book.

A trivial incident pointed the way to important changes. At one of Ruskin's lectures, his quick eye noticed a girl wearing a yellow scarf. "Who is that girl," he asked a friend whom he had seen speaking to her, "who has the courage to wear yellow?" The friend a few days later invited the two to lunch; and in the easy hospitality of Oxford other meetings followed. They at once found many tastes in common; and in three weeks were engaged. Merton required its Fellows to be unmarried, but rather than lose him altered its statute; and the wedding took place within a year. They had not long settled down when another important question arose. The living of Embleton, in Northumberland, which Merton had held for centuries, its chief preferment, fell vacant and was offered to Creighton. There were many protests from Oxford against this seeming exile; and there was thoughtful balancing in the Creighton house of the *pros* and *cons* of the proposal. "The tendency of Oxford," wrote Creighton, "is to make me a teaching drudge, and prevent me from being a literary student." The prospect of opportunity for concentrated work decided him; and within three years of his marriage the transference was completed.

His first visit to Embleton was made alone, and he found it "something like the North Pole." It was on such a night that Mackonochie was overcome and perished in Scotland. Creighton was more fortunate. Heavy snows swept round him on the fierce winds, and he sank often to the middle in the drifts across the road. Losing his way, he was rescued as evening drew on by some people from a farm-house; and the next morning set out again over the frozen snow as he might have done on an Alpine expedition. Before he went back he had explored the parish. Forty miles to the north of Newcastle, it stretched seven miles along the coast, and was about five and a half miles broad, including two small villages beside Embleton.

There is no more beautiful picture of clerical life in the solitudes than Mrs. Creighton's sketch of this period. Farewell now to the storied learning of Oxford, and

to all its pleasant voices! The brilliant conversation of the common room, with its sudden flashes into light, its swift collisions, its plunges to and fro over the depths, is to be no more heard. Yet here it is that we discover Creighton, here it is that the qualities unveil which are greater than scholarship. The village had a bad name, the refuse of other places had drifted there. "Of graver vice there was enough to convince us that London slums alone are not responsible for turning men and women into beasts. . . . Yet," says Mrs. Creighton, "there were characters there as saintly as could have been found under the most favoured circumstances, — lives, the beauty of whose example can never be forgotten."

Many of the people belonged to the quarries; farm labourers were scattered on the thinly-populated lands; and a sturdy high-minded race of fishermen, with a tendency to Methodism, held the coast. The ways of living were primitive and rough; the majority of the cottages had only one room, with huge box-beds. "I always felt myself engaged in downright warfare," he wrote from Cambridge on looking back, "and strove to get hold of the young by any possible organisation." He neglected no means by which he could hope to help the people; suppressed evil customs, introduced new interests; had his penny bank, his Temperance Society and his Band of Hope; visited frequently the four schools; and, more than all, brought his sympathy into every home, and sought to render individual aid. His Sundays began with Sunday-school teaching, which he found difficult. They were busy days; his aim in preaching was not to please but to make people think, and his sermons laid hold by their reality. As he passed from house to house he was a sympathetic listener; he settled disputes like a lawyer, he prescribed like a doctor. "Mr. Creighton he says," said one old woman, "it's my digester that is out of order, but I say it's my whole cistern." On occasions he would turn nurse, and spend hours by the bedside of a sick person. "One young woman recalls how he used to visit her brother who was often ill, and how the invalid 'loved to have him sit and talk to him; and then his goodness in bringing all sorts of nice things in his pockets, port wine, jellies, medicines as well.'" With the old and sick he read and prayed. The children

he would pick up and toss on to his shoulder, and delight to make playmates. In one house both father and mother were dead, and a little girl of ten had to be the keeper. He made a point, though he lived some way off, of going to see her very often, and became to her like a companion and intimate friend; wrote to her once a month after he went to Cambridge, and expected her to write back and tell him all about herself; and he even visited her twice after she was married and settled in Yorkshire.

Creighton had begun to write before he left Oxford, and as the years passed on his pen found ever more employment. One project assumed the chief place. In lecturing he had noted that the period of papal history between the Great Schism and the Reformation had never been properly considered. "In England Gibbon skipped it, and Milman was tired out before he reached it. In German there was no connected book." To this subject he gave himself at Embleton. Both his genial nature and his higher powers found there their opportunity. The time came when he began to think that quietude had given him all he could hope from it, that a year or two more would make him "an interesting old fogey," and that he must either go more into the world or become an entire student. His light had not been hidden; as examiner, as lecturer, as select preacher, and on other missions he had been summoned forth; and he was highly esteemed in Newcastle by reason of the services he rendered to the new see. Nine years had passed, and only two volumes of his *History of the Papacy* had appeared, when the way opened in another direction, and he was offered the new Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, with which went a Fellowship at Emmanuel College. This seemed to point a sure path, and he at once accepted it. Yet it was with no light heart that he quitted Embleton. "We both felt," writes Mrs. Creighton, "that the ten years we had spent there must remain the happiest of our life. They had been full of work, of opportunities of gaining varied experience by coming in close contact with the realities of life. We had lived outside the rush of the world, and had been able to form our own intellectual atmosphere, to think out things for ourselves."

The Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge struck a strong note; we quote one brief passage—

"The aim of the study of history should be the foundation of a right judgment on the great issues of human affairs. The work of the present is carried on perforce amid the tumult of conflicting opinions. When we stand aside and watch for a moment, it is almost painful to observe on what a scanty fund of real knowledge the strongest and most decided opinions are accepted and upheld. The study of history can give no mathematical certainty; but it can create a sober sense which is the basis of all true wisdom."

It was a fitting accompaniment of this professorship that Creighton should become the first editor of the *English Historical Review*. Beside the lectures there were conversation classes, and in the rush of new life that followed his coming, his energy seemed at first more bent on arousing than governing it. "Everything that he said," remarked a brother Fellow, "tended to rouse us from acquiescence in the traditional, the commonplace, and the conventional." Another Fellow is more critical:—"He blurted out the most outrageous paradoxes, and supported them with fantastic arguments, and defied all conventional views in a way which no serious man could have approved. . . . Nowhere did he talk such nonsense as in our Combination Room on Sundays."

Coming into the midst of modern life, it is remarkable how little Creighton was affected by the scientific and critical controversies which have absorbed so many minds within the Church; he knew their importance, but they were remote from his habitual thoughts, and he did not spend himself in temporising discussions or suffer from that waste of dubiety which has oftentimes harassed honest men.

"You have the advantage of me in reading Darwin," he wrote in 1871, to the lady to whom he was engaged; "I am afraid I don't take sufficient interest in the subject of his speculations. . . . I would rather read some Italian history." But many years later, when the issues were more distinctly defined, he took the ground that, "wonderful as were the revelations of natural science, it could not prescribe limits to all other investigations, and admit of no methods save its own. . . . Man has further questions to ask, to which no answer can be given by the methods known to natural science." At the same time his own reading of history was scientific; it could never be to him a dead record, he watched the inter-play of human forces in character, motive, action, and saw results more significant than any marvel of evolution

Mandell Creighton

in bird or animal. In their outlook on the world, men have been slow to see that this tracing of cause and effect does raise questions of as deep interest as those that Darwin propounded. His familiarity with historical relationships in some degree affected his judgment of public questions. How he liked to test ideas by life is amusingly suggested in one of his letters: "I learned much history at a Board of Guardians."

Many a phrase in his letters has this historical colour. Thus—"The great question of the future is the discipline of liberty." Or—"What makes progress possible? The existence of resolute characters to do a nation's work." So again a few days before his death, being asked what he thought was the greatest danger of the coming century, he answered—"I have no doubt what is the greatest danger—it is the absence of high aspirations." And here within the religious range is a far-reaching remark on the mistake of assuming that God's purpose for our sanctification can be hurried on by assumptions of our own—"The danger of this process is to assume that our emotions which are temporary can be made permanent by elevating their dictates above those of our intelligence which is the most permanent part of our being." He is speaking of the emotional effects of high ritual, but adds that this is the root of failure of many religious movements. We add one fragmentary sentence on the individual life—

"It is part of the modern craze to set society right instead of setting oneself right. So long as one bears one's own life in one's hand, the burden grows intolerable. It is only by seeing that life as part of a universal life that peace is found. And the life of man is set forth in the Life of Jesus who gives His Spirit and His Life to those who seek it."

In 1885 Creighton was made a Canon of Worcester Cathedral, and for several subsequent years his vacations were spent in that city. The grave and tender side of his character seemed to find refreshment there. He became examining chaplain to the Bishop, and in numerous ways, specially by his lectures, wrought for the general good. All this was preparation for what came to him a few years later, when he was made Bishop of Peterborough. We may not linger there. It was now that

the fifth volume of his *History of the Papacy* went forth, and he was never able to carry it further. From this time forth he was pre-eminently "a shepherd of the people." His simplicity of manhood was unimpaired; his heart flowed forth as at Embleton, though by other channels, beyond the bounds of his diocese. One notable illustration of his influence was the part he took in helping to avert a great strike in the boot and shoe trade, which threatened disaster to the Midlands.

It fell to Creighton to take part in many a great function. Thus he was sent to represent Emmanuel College when Harvard University celebrated its 250th foundation, Harvard, the founder, an early emigrant, having been a member of Emmanuel. He also represented the Church of England at the coronation of the Czar. On the occasion of the Jubilee he preached the sermon at St. Paul's; and all his London course was starred with great events. But read this one brief casual note from him bearing the date May 13, 1899—

"Would you like a record of my doings yesterday? I wrote letters till 11.10. Then I had a confirmation at 11.30; at one I went on a deputation to the Home Secretary and addressed him about Sunday newspapers. Then I hastened to lunch with the American Ambassador, where I sat between the Marquess of Lansdowne and Mr. Goschen. Then I went to a meeting of Waifs and Strays, where I was in the chair. Then to a meeting of the London University Commission which lasted till 6.30. Then I went to dinner with Mr. Asquith, and met the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Balfour. That was pretty violent."

Well might Lord Salisbury, having knowledge of the infinity of greater demands ever encompassing Creighton, say that he was the most hardly worked man in London.

Creighton's administration of the diocese coincided with a crisis of exceeding gravity, which is part of the ecclesiastical history of our time. It was one which brought out his finest qualities, but imposed a task which has perplexed generations. He came to London at the close of 1896, and did not take possession of Fulham till 1898; two years later he was carried thence to his burial in St. Paul's. All questions of controversy were silenced; there was one voice and one judgment—that England had lost another of her noblest sons.

W. S.

Dawson, the Capital of the Yukon Territory

BY THE REV. GEORGE L. LAMONT GORDON

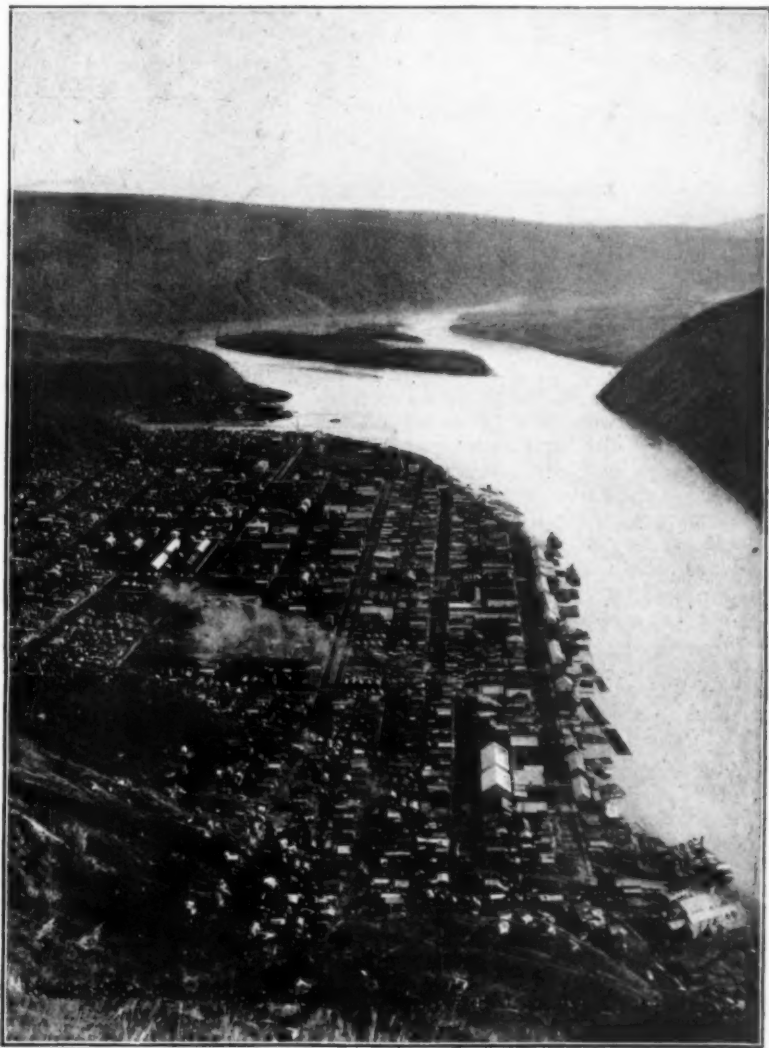
LATE HEAD-MASTER OF DIOCESAN SCHOOL, FORTY MILE, Y. T.

DAWSON, as it is to-day, is one of the most marvellous monuments to the ingenuity, skill, pluck, and characteristic vein of the Anglo-Saxon.

One would hardly believe that where this proud and rich city of the north-west now is holding up its head like its type, the golden eagle of the snow-capped Rockies, six years ago there was nothing but a swamp, covered with stunted spruce and fir-trees, and a dense, almost impenetrable, undergrowth of shrubs and creepers, and its river-banks strewn with driftwood, perhaps the greater part of which had been lying there undisturbed for thousands of years. Only the Indian on his winter hunt, or on his summer camping for salmon, and the hardy French-Canadian trapper, or fur-trader, on his periodical visits to old Fort Reliance, close by, had ever

trod on the site of this magic city, near the Arctic Circle.

The Hudson Bay Company had traded up and down the Yukon, from Fort Yukon, in Alaska, to British Columbia, for years



DAWSON CITY IN JULY 1902

(Showing eight avenues up from Yukon River front. Klondyke river is seen running up to the left near top of picture.)

Dawson, the Capital of the Yukon Territory



NEW COURT HOUSE, DAWSON

before; and gold, in more or less quantities, had been mined from the creeks in the Forty Mile region, among the gullies and gorges of the Panana Mountains, as far as "Circle City," on the Lower Yukon; but in 1896, when the whole world was electrified by the wonderful richness of the "Klondyke" district, and thousands upon thousands were blinded, as it were, by the "Gold Fever," and, regardless of difficulties and dangers, with their packs on their shoulders, they wended their way by Dyea and over the Chilcot Pass, to be among the first on the spot to stake a claim, then it was, that on the marshy delta, formed on the eastern bank, at the confluence of the Klondyke and Yukon rivers, the city called after Dr. Dawson, the renowned Canadian scientist, had its birth as a mining camp, with its tents and log-cabins starting up like mushrooms, and extending for a couple of miles from north to south, and nearly as far, on a gradual incline, from west to east.

A beautiful sight it was, too, in 1897, to see the white canvas city, with the sun glittering on all sides, and the hillside to the east of the camp covered with tents and log-cabins up to the very summit of some 1500 feet. In 1898 the population was no less than 20,000; but its zenith had been reached. There were no more "Bonanzas," no more "Eldorados," heard of, no more fortunes to be made in a day. Prospectors had spread far and wide, and the miner's pick was to be heard on pretty

nearly every creek, bar, and hill-side within an area of 250,000 square miles, and so it is to-day, in 1903.

The once "Mining Camp" now began to settle down into a steady, orderly, progressive Canadian city; and merchants, professional men, property owners, etc., began to see that they could do as well here as anywhere, so they sent out for their wives and children, and began to erect neat and substantial residences. The Government, too, seeing this, erected permanent offices, and provided a Public School system to meet the needs of the fast influx of children.

The permanency of Dawson became a reality for the first time in 1898-99, when indications of quartz were in evidence, and Messrs. Ladue, Ex-Governor Ogilvie, and others had faith and courage enough to import a small stamp-mill for crushing the rock, and had sufficient success to induce others to do likewise. Within very few years, quartz mining will be as widely distributed around Dawson as it is in California. As there, "Placer" mining by the individual will give way to "Quartz" by the syndicate, and then this territory will be like the rest of the world, an old-fashioned, well-settled, and prosperous country.

"Standard" Geographies, issued as late as 1901, describe Alaska and this great and grand north-west country as "*almost a wilderness, with a few miners, whale and walrus fisheries, etc.*" and with a "*bitter, inclement climate,*" and as "*inhabited by Esquimaux, Indians, and Half-breed French-Canadian fur-traders and trappers, etc.*" Such misleading statements, doubtless, are put in from year to year without publishers troubling to get later data.

Our climate is not nearly so inclement nor severe as in many parts east of the Rocky Mountains. From April to October we have as pleasant weather as in the Northern States of the United States or Eastern Canada; and in winter, while our temperature, it is true, sometimes falls as low as 65° or even 70° below zero, yet this is only for a day or two; and then, we get

Dawson, the Capital of the Yukon Territory

neither wind nor rain, and, comparatively speaking, very little snow. We get none of the awful "blizzards" that one reads about in Dakota, Iowa, and Kansas, with their disastrous results; nor do we get any of those awful "cyclones" that prevail in those regions.

From November, when navigation closes, till Christmas, it is seldom colder than 15° or 20° below zero; which, without wind or rain, is quite pleasant. When one goes out, properly clad, after a five or ten minutes' brisk walk, one gets into a perfect glow, and is glad to loosen one's wraps; and when "Mushing," or running behind a sled, drawn by three or more good "Huskies" (dogs), one perspires quite freely. The air is so dry and crisp, and the sun so bright and clear, that one does not realise that it is below zero at all. The second winter I lived in the Yukon, after school closed every day at 3 P.M., my wife and I would walk from one to three miles along the river trail, even when it was 40° below zero, and come back so warm that our mufflers, etc. were unbearable.

After Christmas, in January and February, which are generally our coldest months, in 1901, our lowest temperature was -58°, but that only once, and for three days; and we had about ten days at -47°, and then it gradually rose, until in April it was +35° to +50°. This last winter, 1902, our coldest was only -53° for two days; and at the end of March—quite extraordinary—we had a week when it was from -45° to -51°; during the whole of which week I drove a horse-sleigh every day from 18 to 25 miles, on a missionary trip up the "Forty Mile" river, to the gold mines at "Chicken" creek, a distance of 112 miles, and suffered no inconvenience worse than having the skin peel off my nose.

In summer, during June, July, and the greater part of August, our temperature is from +75° to +90° in the shade, and in July 1900 it was +100° for several days. This, with from 15 to 22 hours of bright sun for about six weeks before and after June 21st, makes our so-called "short" summer appear a very long one, and is as good for vegetation as a six months' season in the



DAWSON POST OFFICE

(Erected 1901. Does a larger Money Order business than any one office in the world, by last statistics.)

Temperate Zone. Thus, far from being an unbearable clime, it is an extremely pleasant and healthy one. The air is so crisp, dry, and pure, that epidemics are unknown; and except pneumonia, generally caused by careless exposure or neglect when perspiring, we have no prevalent disease. Now and again we hear of white people dying from scurvy, but that, as a rule, is one's own fault; especially now, when fresh or canned vegetables are as plentiful as anywhere.

As to our mining resources, though, as I said before, the days of "fortunes made in a day" are over, yet the half is not yet known. Thousands are making a good living out of the placer mines and benches, and for years to come, new diggings will be discovered. The great need has hitherto been good roads, so that machinery and supplies could be easily transported; but the Canadian Government has spent, and will spend, millions of dollars yet, on this all-important need. Coal and copper mines are also, lately, attracting much capital and attention, and both minerals are to be found in good paying quantities. Soda beds, too, are very plentiful on many of the

Dawson, the Capital of the Yukon Territory

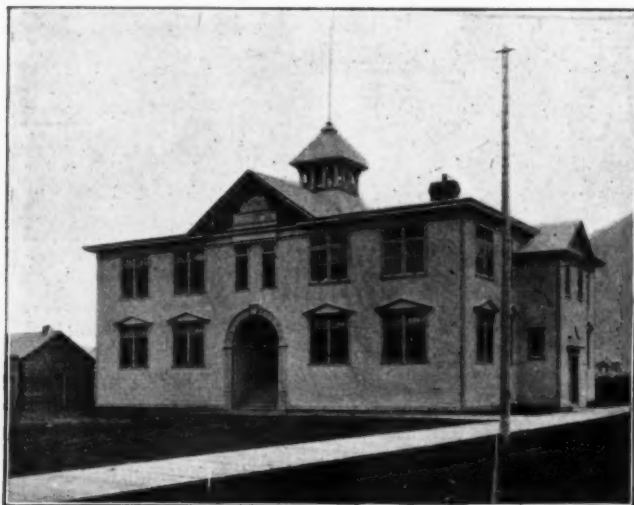
creeks, which in time, no doubt, will be utilised.

Besides our mineral wealth, agriculture is being considered largely, and more attention will be paid to it as the population increases. Cabbages, turnips, carrots, beets, lettuces, radishes, cress, mustard, etc., etc., grow well and abundantly; a 15 lb. cabbage or a 5 lb. turnip being quite common. Potatoes of excellent quality, size, and weight are largely cultivated.

During 1900-1, I grew in my garden all the above, and also, though not so successfully as the others, I raised quite a fair crop of Windsor broad beans, green peas,

White Pass and Yukon Rail Road" (W.P. & Y.R.R.), 110 miles in length, from the entry port of Skagway, in South Alaska, on the Lynn Canal, to Whitehorse, a city 450 miles above Dawson, on the Yukon. This short road runs all the year, and is really the main means of transportation for both freight and passengers. It runs for only ten miles in United States territory, and the remainder of the distance is on British soil. As necessity compels, it is thought that it will be extended to Dawson. The company has a magnificent fleet of palatial steamboats connecting at Whitehorse for Dawson, making the 450 miles down stream in about 30 hours in summer.

There are also several independent steamboat companies, there being in all about 45 steamers plying between here and the railway, all flying the British-Canadian flag. Then there are about 25 larger and beautifully fitted up steamboats, running from here to St. Michaels, a port on Behring Sea, near the Yukon's mouth, a distance of nearly 1900 miles. These latter are under the American flag, and belong to two monster "Trusts," who not only own all the boats, thus controlling the whole of the freight and passenger traffic on the Lower Yukon, but also control *all the trade*, having large



PUBLIC SCHOOL, DAWSON

(The most northerly British School in the world.)

and French beans. Flowers, too, such as poppies, dahlias, marigolds, lupines, daisies, pansies, petunias, geraniums, etc., all came to great beauty of bloom. Wheat, barley, and oats have been successfully experimented with, and I have no doubt will do well, when properly cultivated. Hay (native) grows in great abundance, and millions of tons are wasted each summer.

In Dawson before long we shall have the electric cars. A company has already been formed and a franchise obtained, so probably next summer will see the upper trolley system in vogue on our principal thoroughfares.

At present there is only one railway in either Alaska or the Yukon, viz. "The

stores at every post along the river from here to the sea. All, or nearly all, the Yukon boats are flat-bottomed, with stern wheels, and are lighted by electricity. They winter at one or other end of the river, and run from the opening of navigation, about June 1st, to the close, about the end of October. It takes only five or six days to go down from here to St. Michaels, but from 12 to 20 days coming up against the current, which runs at from five to seven miles an hour.

Another Yukon railway is now under construction, to be called the "Klondyke Mines' Railway." It is to run from the docks at Dawson, up the banks of the Klondyke river, to Hunker's Creek, and

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then in time on to the Stewart river, 75 miles above this city.

The Americans are also building a road from the port of Valdez, on the Pacific, to Eagle City, a distance of about 420 miles, across a country said to be very rich in both copper and gold. Eagle City is the first U.S. post below Dawson, being 100 miles distant, and about 20 miles below the Alaskan boundary. The U.S. have a company of infantry stationed at Eagle, at what is called "Fort Egbert."

summer it is carried by the W.P. & Y.R.R.'s boats almost every day; and in winter the same company sends it from Whitehorse here on their horse stages, once a week, each way, so no one can justly grumble. In winter, however, the contract is only "To carry 700 lbs. weight," so we get very few papers, and very little second-class matter. When, however, the letters do not make up the 700 lbs., then they put in newspapers to make up the weight. When navigation reopens in June, we get tons upon tons of



SOUTH END OF FIRST AVENUE ON FRONT STREET, DAWSON

(Showing the East Elevator Tower with Cable that draws the Ferry across the Yukon to West Dawson.)

Dawson is connected with the whole world by telegraph; the Canadian Government Telegraph system running up here from British Columbia, and then from Dawson across the boundary to Eagle City, Alaska. The U.S. Government have erected a wire from Nome City and St. Michaels, on Behring Sea, all along the Yukon to connect with the Canadian system at Eagle. They have also a wire from Valdez to Eagle, which is an "*All American*" route, but not yet (at the time of writing) connected with the outside world.

Our mail service also is excellent. In

papers, books, etc., which have been lying at Victoria, B.C., all winter. In time, doubtless, this will all be remedied, and we shall be as well served as elsewhere.

Our Post Office at Dawson has the distinction of doing a larger Money Order business than any office in the world. Where thousands of dollars go through the other large city offices, our office goes away up beyond the million figure. All this, too, is managed by a splendid corps of young men, who are too much overworked, and all because "Red Tape" will not allow a more numerous corps. Many of our smaller offices in the territory are managed

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by the officers of the police, and here again a great injustice is perpetrated, for they do not get one cent for doing the work, which at times is very onerous. The police are also employed at many points on the river as Custom House collectors. This, too, is not right, for it is a great temptation to the younger troopers, as they get no remuneration for the service, to countenance smuggling to some extent, though, to their credit be it said, such cases have been very rare.

The government of the territory is administered by a Commissioner, styled "Governor" by courtesy, who resides in a magnificent mansion erected last year. He is assisted by a Council, partly nominated and partly elective, and as our population is now over 20,000, we are to have, for the first time, a Member of Parliament, to sit in the House of Commons at Ottawa.

Journalism is of about the same character here as in the United States. The *Yukon Sun*, which appears every morning, is the Government organ, and its artist employs his time just now in a series of cartoons vilifying the Opposition as much as possible. The *Klondyke Nugget* and the *Daily News*, which are issued every evening, are not so influenced, especially the latter, which is by far the best paper in the territory, and can be relied on, not only for its news, but as being the friend of the people and miners, against the "Trusts" and "Monopolies," and against all such oppressions as excessive taxation, royalties, granting of thousands of acres of the best mining lands to syndicates, and giving "Concessions" to companies, which would shut out the hard-working, individual, placer miners, who really have borne the heat of the day in staking, discovering, and developing the country, and who are the main support of all trade. Shut out the "Boys," as the miners are nicknamed, and you ruin the country. The last two-mentioned daily papers also issue weekly editions, but only the Government organ issues a Sunday number. There is still another small weekly paper, called the *Klondyke Miner*.

Every mail brings us in a supply of the latest Seattle, San Francisco, Victoria, and New York papers, besides all the monthly magazines, so our bookstalls are well provided.

There is a fine Public Library, endowed by the city council with some thousands of volumes, situated at present in a rented

building, with a convenient reading-room attached. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the great steel millionaire, has lately offered quite a handsome donation on condition that the city builds a suitable structure and provides for its future maintenance; which offer has been accepted, and the new library building is being erected.

Another library and reading-room, with spacious sleeping accommodation and a lunch counter, called the "Standard" Library, is provided by the large-heartedness and enterprise of a Mr. Horkin, who encourages the miner to keep aloof from the bar-room in every way possible. Chess and other games are provided in a large up-stairs room, and from 400 to 600 men are fed there daily, at the moderate cost of from 50 to 75 cents, or 2/- to 3/- a meal.

A fine Public School system has been established in the territory. A magnificent two-storied building has been erected in Dawson, and a Superintendent appointed. Every grade, from the Kindergarten to the High School, is provided for, with an efficient teacher for each.

The Roman Catholics have their own separate graded school, taught by the Sisters of St. John. There are about 250 children enrolled at the Public School, and 100 at the Convent school. There being no Government provision as yet made for High School or Collegiate classes, a Private School has been instituted for that purpose.

The spiritual welfare of the community is also well provided for. The Church of England has an established diocese, called the diocese of "Selkirk," with the Right Rev. Wm. Carpenter Bompas, D.D. (Lambeth), as Bishop. A splendid new church has this year replaced the old log church which has done service ever since the city was founded. It is modern in all its fittings, with a fine organ and stained-glass windows.

The Roman Catholic Church has a very large and imposing cathedral at the north end of the city, with a hospital attached under the nursing Sisters of St. John, dedicated to St. Mary. The Russo-Greek Church which formerly missionised all Alaska when it was Russian territory, still has Archbishops and cathedrals at Sitka and St. Michaels, and some smaller stations along Behring Sea, among the Esquimaux. The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States has a bishop, the Right Rev. P. P. Rowe, D.D., residing at Sitka, and has

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several churches along the Alaskan coast and on the Lower Yukon.

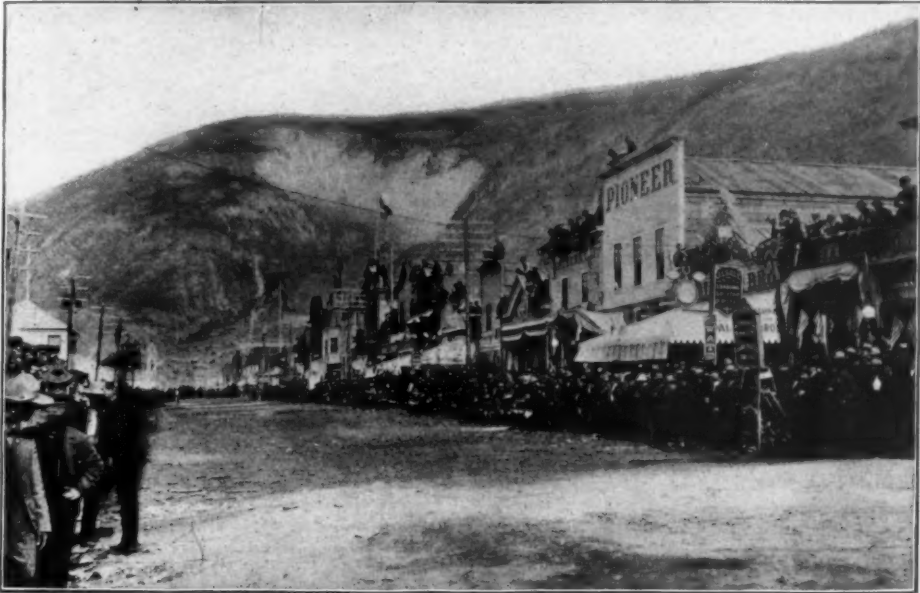
The Presbyterians have a very large, perhaps the largest church in Dawson, St. Andrew's, under the Rev. Dr. Grant. This church has also a very large and commodious hospital under its care, called the "Good Samaritan" Hospital.

The Canadian Methodist Church has a large church under the Rev. W. H. Barraclough, B.A.

Lastly, the Salvation Army has a full corps of very active officers, male and

along the banks of the river, especially the small brown variety, whose hams are delicious to the taste.

The woods all around the district are rich in their supply of blueberries, cranberries, raspberries, strawberries, and currants. To give my readers an idea of how plentiful they are; my wife with five orphan Indians under my care, and my own two little daughters, went out one afternoon after lunch, and in about four hours picked no less than 17 gallons of blueberries, which were preserved in glass



FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION, 1901

(Showing First Avenue, formerly called Front Street, cleared for the Military Procession.

female, who do a grand and noble work on the streets, and have a large hall, or "Barracks."

The woods on all the hills are still the home of many moose and caribou, supplying the market all winter with plenty of savoury, fresh meat, while ptarmigan, quail, prairie chickens, wild ducks and geese and rabbits are at times quite a glut on the market. In summer an immense supply of salmon of various kinds is netted in the Yukon, and in early winter grayling are caught by the hundreds and peddled by the Indians from Moosehide camp, three miles distant.

Bears are also quite common in summer

jars for winter use. For your housekeepers, let me give the recipe, because it is good for all kinds of fruit, and even for such vegetables as require sugar. Get a glass or earthenware (which is better) jar of about 2 or 4 gallons' capacity. Scald it well, then lay on sugar enough to cover the bottom, then a layer of berries, and alternate layers of sugar and berries to the top. Cover with a thick layer of sugar and seal the jar with a damp cloth tied securely around the neck of the jar; then use as required, always covering over tightly after taking any out. No mould or sourness need be feared if the jar is kept in a cool cellar or refrigerator. We have tried the

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above plan for many years and have never failed.

A word as to population. By the last census, taken this year (1902), there were nearly 30,000 souls in the Yukon Territory, and perhaps nearly as many in Alaska. This does not include the many miners at Atlin, B.C., adjoining this territory, and elsewhere in British Columbia, east of the Rocky Mountains. Of course our numbers are ever changing, but I can safely say that at least 20,000 are now permanent residents. Many who came here without any intention of remaining, having found the conditions so improved, have erected good, comfortable residences, and have brought in their wives and families to make their homes.

The Yukon is fast becoming a "Mecca" for Pacific Coast tourists in summer, and I have no doubt that it will become more and more so as the old stories told by disappointed gold-seekers, and by those who came up here when the dangers and hardships of the trail were truly to be dreaded, are no longer circulated as bugbears to frighten people away; but now that one can travel here as comfortably as on the Thames or Rhine, all that has passed.

Why many of our rich people in England, who must be tired of European continental tours, do not turn their eyes this way is a marvel to the writer; for as far as scenery is concerned, no grander nor more beautiful is to be found anywhere.

Leaving Liverpool about June 1st, and arriving at Quebec about the 8th, one could spend a week or ten days seeing the sights of that city, so memorable in history; and Montreal, the loveliest city on the St. Lawrence; then taking an unlimited ticket, go on to Ottawa and Toronto, thence to Winnipeg; then on through the matchless wheat-fields of Manitoba and the fast settling Districts; over the Rocky Mountains to New Westminster, on the Fraser River; across to Victoria, B.C., reaching there by the 25th; then by ocean steamer to Skagway, South Alaska, the port of entry to the Klondyke. Here by railroad, over the White Pass and Yukon R.R., through the grandest scenery for 110 miles, to Whitehorse, on the Upper Yukon, reaching there by the 28th or 29th; then on one of the railway company's palace steamboats to Dawson by the great American fête day, July 4th, which, of course, is celebrated in great style, owing to so many of our citizens being from the States. Then, if

one did not care to return by the same route, one could catch the first, or one of the first, of the grand, electric-fitted boats of the N.C. or N.A.T. & T. Co. about the 15th of July, and in five or six days sail down the 1900 miles to St. Michaels, on Behring Sea, visiting *en route* various river points of interest. Loading up with Indian and Esquimaux curios at this point, one can then return to Victoria, B.C., or, if preferred, could go to Seattle, on Puget Sound, or San Francisco, Cal., then across the Union Pacific R.R. in about six days, to New York, thence home, making the whole trip in from sixty to eighty days, according to the length of time spent visiting places of interest on the way.

"Oh, but the expense would be so great!" might be said. It is no greater than a trip to Italy would be for the same time. From Liverpool to Montreal, \$60, or £12; Montreal to Victoria, B.C., about \$50, or £10; Victoria to Skagway, \$25, or £5; Skagway to Dawson, \$60, or £12, or about \$200, or £40, for the trip here. Then on return, Dawson to St. Michaels, \$50, or £10; St. Michaels to any of the Pacific Coast ports, say \$100, or £20; from the coast to New York, \$50, or £10, and from New York to England, \$60, or £12, making £52; so the round trip could easily be made for £100, and that first-class all the way and including bed and board for a great part of the way—wherever one travelled by boat. Hotel charges in Dawson are as reasonable now as anywhere; your room costing about \$2 per day, and your meals from 75 cents to \$1 each, or \$5, £1, a day for all. Of course one can live much cheaper than that, as a first-class meal can be obtained for 50 cents, and a room at a select lodging-house for \$1; this, allowing three meals a day, with room, would be \$2½, or 10s. a day.

P.S.—Since writing the main part of this paper, we have had the gratifying news, that a contract has been made to carry "Second Class" mail matter to Dawson during winter, once a week; so now we shall get our papers all through the year for the first time. Before this, we could only receive *The Leisure Hour* from June to October, but now we shall have the pleasure of reading it in about a month after it is issued.

The illustrations are by a firm of young photographic artists in Dawson, Messrs. Adams and Larkin.

Jeremiah's 'Oss

CHAPTER I.—“EASY IS THE DESCENT TO AVERNUS”



POOR Jeremiah was feeling, as he would himself have put it, “tar’ble droll,” which is to say in Purbeck dialect that you feel queer without feeling funny; queer, that is, without any accompanying amusement, either to yourself or others, from your own painful sensations. The very last thing indeed which would have entered into Jeremiah’s mind at that disconsolate moment, as he sat—the picture of abject misery—upon the spack of his capstan “up at quarr,” would have been to be “droll” in our sense of the word. For Jeremiah was “rough,” beyond all question, and had touched on the experience of our old Virgilian friend Æneas, *Facilis descensus Averno*, and had lately been proving how very “easy is the downward road to hell.”

It was just six months that bright October morning since something had happened in Jeremiah’s life, which often does happen in the “changes and chances” of this mortal life, but which, however it comes, and however it is borne, never leaves a true man the same. The sentence of death had been spoken to him about the one life which he loved as dearly as life itself. Jeremiah could recall it: as he sat there. It had all happened just at that very spot, there at the shed door close beside the capstan above the quarry mouth. It was a fair spring morning (and you need to know Purbeck to know the perfection of a south-country spring), when the light of an ever-strengthening hope was quickening all the world at his feet. Down far below, in the copses which studded the quiet valley as it wound from sea to sea, the birds were sending up their “Lobgesang” into the still, bright air, as the “choir invisible” of happy rooks were busy building in the elms amongst which the old Manor House lay hidden; though it was traceable up here on the hills by the thin trail of blue smoke from its concealed chimneys. The soft breath which crept lingeringly over the open downs from the Channel on their south was fresh with the wonderful scent of the young grass, where

already the “longrods,” as Dorset folk call cowslips, were peeping out amid gillyganders¹ and daisies. The sea, away to eastward down there below this weird quarry-world, was one sheen of gold and silver in the dazzling glory of morning, as the sun climbed up out of the mists that hung round Freshwater cliffs. The very cattle and horses straying up in this land of freedom (Purbeck has ever been the home of liberty alike for beast and man) added restfulness and variety to the scene, their lazy couched figures appearing in living outline against the cold grey of the tumble-down stone walls, all overgrown with wild ivy, and sombered with clinging lichen. Beyond the sparsely-clad scar-heaps, across further walls, lay the ancient Saxon commonable lands—still without dividing-barriers, save a half-buried stone here and there—and beyond these again the dark cliffs of the smugglers and the deep blue heart of the boundless sea.

All around him Jeremiah could hear the cheerful “chip, chip” from marblers out of sight in their rude quarr’-yards, and down the white and winding tracks on the hill-sides below he could mark the heavily-laden wagons of stone, lurching now this way, now that, wending their way noisily and cumbrously towards the tiny town far beneath, to swell the already piled-up “bankers”² which shut in the shore. Yet none of these familiar sights in which his marbler soul delighted brought poor Jeremiah comfort on that bright morning; for the Susan of his early choice, and the mother now of seven sturdy little annuals, four of whom as boys might hereafter inherit the high privileges of the ancient “Order,” lay between life and death, and that morning would soon decide whether an operation of the gravest character, the one hope of saving life, had proved successful. It had come as a terrible blow to Jeremiah, who had dreamt of nothing worse than what he termed “sky-attica,” till a young London physician (hunting for medicinal herbs among the Purbeck hills), to whom he had

¹ Meadow orchis.

² The “bankers” were the piles of stone along the shore awaiting shipment on stone-vessels. The stone is now taken by railway, so they have disappeared.

Jeremiah's 'Oss

confided details of his wife's long illness, had looked in as the outcome of his keen interest in Jeremiah, and advised, as the result of his informal interview with Susan, the calling in of immediate additional advice from Wareham. The hidden mischief which he had already discovered, whose presence their diagnosis confirmed, left no alternative but such an operation, if life were to be saved.

It was already six months ago, and Jeremiah was not particularly clear-headed on this October morning, but he could recall some things which would stand out from his blurred consciousness to his last day. First, the arrival of the doctors, and his desire to stay by "his Susan" through it all. Then their gentle but firm forbiddal, and, when he hesitated, the coming up to him of the old doctor who had known him from a child, with the words, "Get up to yer quarr', Jeremiah, and keep yerself busy there. We'll do the rest, with the blessing of God Almighty, and I'll bring ye word myself at the earliest possible moment. Susan's a brave woman, and I've faith she'll pull through." He could recall how the doctor had laid his hands on his elbows and led him down the cottage garden to the gate that opened on the wide quarry field, and put him forth by his shoulders, pointing up to the white quarr'-houses above standing against the sky, and how he had toiled up there wearily, and how those two hours had seemed so many years whilst he waited there alone, having sent his fellow-marbler down-street with a load, because he could not even bear his silent sympathy. He remembered how he had chosen a bit of top-gallant rag, called, because of its exceeding hardness as a stone, "Devil's-bed" by his fellows. He had driven away furiously at it with all his strength for almost two hours, to bury thought, till for very weariness he stopped. Then suddenly he had remembered that he had sent up no word of prayer for Susan, and there, standing against the spack of the capstan, he had told the bright heaven above him of her trouble and his own, half wondering if God really heard, and then whether it were already over. And he could recall how he had turned just in time to see the old doctor climbing rather hurriedly, with a heaviness in his gait, which Jeremiah marked in a moment, as he drew near the quarry. He had not dared to go forth to meet him, but stood at his shed door trembling all over, waiting

to receive the sentence. It had come before either man had spoken. Jeremiah had known it as he felt the firm, kindly hand upon his shoulder, and had marked the doctor catching at his breath as he tried in vain to speak. "We've done our best, lad, but it wasn't to be. The God above comfort ye, Jeremiah. Your poor woman's fast going along. You had better come at once with me and see her. She's conscious again, and she'll know ye." And Jeremiah remembered how at these words all the light had died out of the fair spring morning, and the rooks in the elms far below had seemed to grow suddenly silent, and, as the Angel of Death moved onwards before him towards his stricken home, it was as though his shadow upon him had cast a chill that froze him to the marrow, and made him already as one dead to all sight and sound of this bright moving world.

Susan had lingered a little while—the same to the end in her practical regard for others and forgetfulness of her own sufferings, and her last words had been, "Jeremiah, I be sair tired, and the room's sa dark I can scarce see thee. I'll be going along soon now, but I be not afeard. There's One holds my hand Who won't leave me. Thou'st been a good man to I, and thou'lt be the same to them poor youngsters. And, Jeremiah, do 'e be kind to the 'oss, and treat 'un fair for my seake."

The good angel gone who had first reclaimed him from rough earlier days, Jeremiah had at first striven, in the sense of a great loneliness, to do his duty. Susan, he bore in mind, had been "tar'ble took" with the 'oss, and had often found her way up to quarr' to feed it and caress it, perhaps the more because, Jeremiah being a "stupid soul," these graceful attentions of hers were a far stronger argument for kindness than any words of reason she might have used at home. And the 'oss, unlike the 'osses that had belonged to previous *régimes* before Susan's marriage, had responded by distinctly not expiring within six months of passing into Jeremiah's ownership. So long as Susan lived he thrived, and for a time after her death he was cared for more tenderly than ever, for Susan's sake. Jeremiah's troubles belonged to the home.

The "youngsters" had the same strong instincts of liberty which belonged to their parents. The Purbeck marbler has never for many hundred years "been in bondage to any man" behind his royal protective

"chart." Jeremiah had never stood for authority, and now, alone, he was useless with the reins. It was like driving the chariot of the sun, to try and manage Susan's team; he was driven along rather than himself guiding. Before many weeks the young colts were all out of hand, to the terror of the neighbourhood, and poor Jeremiah, defeated and ashamed, had found refuge in his old corner at "The Marbler's Rest." "Things never happens alone," old Widow Ransom used to say, and it was true of him. For ere long he had wholly fallen back on the old evil ways from which Susan had reclaimed him. Home and quarr' and 'oss were all alike neglected in the chaos of ruin which fell upon him with the old maddening thirst of drink. The autumn gales were sweeping the hills with their wintry blasts and torrents of sleet, and night after night the 'oss was left unfed and unsheltered to roam across the quarries instead of being comfortably housed in its quarr' shed. Chill of course ensued, and with it a quinsy. Then the inevitable had happened. A week's drinking bout, in which everything—money, character, sinew, hope—had all "gone by the board," so to speak, and when the awakening came it had come too late. For on this late October morning, after the gales, when, heavy-headed and heavy-hearted, Jeremiah had climbed up to his quarry to resume work and try and pull himself together with a fresh mushroom-growth of resolves born on a hotbed of fevered wretchedness, there, just outside the shed door where he should have lain comfortably, was the 'oss outstretched, stark dead, with the foam of his dying agony about his jaws, and his limbs wet with the heavy dews.

Thus Jeremiah was feeling "droll," "tar'ble droll," half stunned with the blows which remorse was raining mercilessly upon him as he began to come to himself out of the stupor which was the heavy aftermath of his week's booze. There lay the 'oss—that at least was plain—beyond all human help; and there, shattered irremediably, lay the vow which he had made to himself, and by gesture of assent to the dead, above all other vows for sacredness, "to be kind to the 'oss and treat 'un fair for her sake." With all his faults Jeremiah prided himself on being a man of his word, and his love for Susan had been genuine and deep. This was the last straw. It drove him into the jaws of despair, and so into the evil hands

of the powers of darkness ever hovering around to seek a falling man's ruin.

He jumped off the spack of the capstan against which he had been leaning, and looked through the open quarr' gates down the rough winding "press-way," along which once, as its name implies,¹ the priests of Worth used to tramp on foot to the first settlers at "Swanwick," between the forest and the sea. Down that same serpentine track, with its deep ruts and low stone walls, his own wagon was at that moment jolting with borrowed horse in charge of his man. It would be at least an hour before he could unload and return. There was time to put a desperate end to his ills before any human hand could snatch him from his purpose. He glanced at the silent and empty quarr'-houses² on either hand; it would be easy to swing a rope from their rafters, and so finish the job. But the glory of the autumn morning seemed too bright for such a deed of darkness there. Then he went forward to the top of the quarr'-hole and peered down into the blackness. There, fastened by its chain to the capstan, was the little quarr' cart which had brought up the last load of stone. Beyond it, one below the other, the rollers descended, over which the chain was wont to work, into the gloom of the pit, till they were lost to view beneath the overhanging shadow of the quarry mouth, with its dripping stalactites and wild overgrowth of briar and hart's-tongue. Just within the shadow the descent became steeper, the stone steps beside the rollers becoming broken and uneven, so that anything at all prominent would overhang the sheer drop. At that very place a jagged edge of stone cropped out from one of the higher beds above, and flung itself over the yawning darkness. It was strong enough to bear the weight of a man, so that any one mad enough to cast a noose over this edge of rock, and to fling himself off from the last of the steps before the steep descent, would be beyond all hope of self-recovery. That would do well. So he began to descend. The passion of self-destruction was upon him now, in its own way as irresistible, as blind, as the drink madness which led up to it. He felt keen again, even eager, with the gambler's reckless courage, to play his last stake and hurl his

¹ Corrupt for Priest's-way—a road across the quarries for four and a half miles to Worth.

² The "quarr'-houses" are shelters round the quarry yard, in which the men work their stone.



THE PASSION OF SELF-DESTRUCTION WAS UPON HIM

soul away from the hell he knew and had tasted to the hell which at least was unknown in its torment. The shadow of the quarry mouth was already over him as he crept down, steadying himself against the wall of rock on his left. Instead of the fresh dewy airs of the October morning a dank, clammy air was striking upward from the intense darkness into which he was penetrating. He crawled stealthily to the edge of the most prominent step, and hurled one end of the rope over the jagged edge of stone. Twice it missed; the third time it caught on, and, flinging the other end round his neck, he was ready for the final spring. But he was suddenly arrested. An old disused quarry road abutted at this point into the main passage. It was walled up, but it made a recess slabbed round with stone, where he had allowed his children to come and play during the afternoon when the quarry cart had ceased to run up and down. They had brought thither their child-treasures, and a quaint museum of curious stones and headless dolls now adorned the flat slab. It brought a glimmering of his better self.

The children—he had forgotten them; but they could still be lived for. He turned irresolute, conscience-stricken, half-penitent, to draw in the air from above, as though to give him steadiness to think clearly before the fatal leap. And that very moment a voice, the tones of which he knew, but which he could not at the moment recognise, fell musically upon his ears calling—"Jeremiah, Jeremiah, whar' bist?" He stepped hastily into the full shadow and snatched off the rope. It would be worth while waiting till this interruption ceased; it would give time to weigh it over again. He waited, and in that moment's waiting came the salvation of a life, of a home, and perhaps of a soul.

Peering up the long slide, roller above roller, he saw there, just beyond the last, the lissome, graceful form of a young woman. He would have cursed any one else for turning him for a moment from his purpose just then, but there was something about his whole relationship with Hephzibah that forbade all cursing. She had ever been a kindly fate entering into his life at all its emergencies, always in the same quiet self-possessed way, always with the same simple naturalness, yet withal as though she came into it by destiny—a destiny against which Jeremiah felt he could no more fight than question the rules laid down by ancient

and royal prescription for the order of which he was an unworthy member. If Hephzibah was there, she was there for a reason known perhaps only to "th' Almighty," but nevertheless sufficient. He looked up at her, himself still unseen. She was standing in the full glory of the radiant autumn morning; her large, lustrous blue eyes, which were her special feature, straining to catch sight of him; a clean kerchief tied neatly round the fairest of oval faces, the fairer because just a touch of delicacy in skin and feature made her ethereal in spite of the flush now upon her cheeks with the effort of calling his name. The wind, as it stole across the common from the sea, seemed to linger round her wavy dark hair. Her attitude was full of the grace of womanly eagerness, as she peered forward into the gloom beneath her. A great sense of shame came over Jeremiah. What would she have thought of him if she had seen him just a moment before, with the halter round his neck? Was it possible he had actually fallen so low? In contrast to himself she seemed, away up there in the fresh air and sunlight, like a very angel of light far removed in another world from the dankness and darkness which clung all around him at that moment. He hesitated for an instant whether to answer; then, when the clear voice called again, the sense of a destiny made him answer, "Ay, wench, I'm below here; I'll be wi' ye in a trice. Stay up yon till I come."

CHAPTER II.—"DELIVERED FROM GOING DOWN INTO THE PIT"

IT was perhaps as well both for Jeremiah and Hephzibah that the former was innocent as a new-born babe of the plot which a woman's subtle sympathy had woven for him that morning. Hephzibah had watched his downfall with a grief none the less acute because years before, when there still seemed hope, she had loved him with a love which comes not twice in any life. Often, as she learnt of his downward path, had she prayed, "Deliver him, O Lord, from goin' down to the pit." But "Hephzibah," as Jeremiah called her, had never revealed to a soul the difference which it made to her life when one eventful day, after four months' absence in Portland, because of the slackness of home work, he had come back with the tall, dark-eyed bride whom he had wooed and won in treeless,

Jeremiah's 'Oss

wind-swept Easton on the Portland heights, a true daughter of a nobly-formed race.

Hephzibah's nature had nought of jealousy in it, and she found a sort of despairing comfort in reflecting that, after all, the handsome Susan, broad and strong and matronly, made a fitting bride for the Jeremiah she loved. So from that moment she had ceased from actively repelling Anthony's advances, and before the year died they had wedded.

Anthony had proved a faithful and devoted husband, and had gradually won Hephzibah's affections, till the secret disappointment seemed almost healed. And the friendship from childhood with Jeremiah had deepened by her becoming the trusted friend of his wife. "Mrs. Jeremiah's" family came with the regularity of Martin's tide and Shroughton fair, and Hephzibah being, as Anthony put it, without "orfsprings," became indispensable with Susan's hardy annuals. When, after four years of happy married life, one terrible morning Anthony was brought home from the quarry, crushed by a huge slab of stone, which brought instant death, no hearts in the little stone-town had been more sorrowful than Susan's and Jeremiah's. Then, when his own cloudy and dark day had come, she had mourned for him, and watched with growing fears its effect upon him, praying her secret prayer, as good women will do for those they love, but seeing the "pit," in the form of the skittle-yard at "The Marbler's Rest," opening her mouth ever wider and wider to swallow Jeremiah up. At length she resolved to intervene if only the opportunity came.

That opportunity she found on this bright October morning. Hephzibah had supported herself by taking in a "bit washing" since Anthony's death, and from his death-pay had purchased a donkey, because she was not strong enough to carry the washing alone. And the donkey had strayed from her humble cottage up on the hills across the quarries, for it had many fellows, Purbeck being, as even sojourners there know, the natural home of wise men and donkeys. So, after hours of fruitless search, she turned into Jeremiah's quarr' to ask help.

The first thing of course that Hephzibah saw upon entering the quarr' was the unfortunate "'oss," and she guessed at once the cause of his death; but upon both these subjects she feigned the most complete ignorance. When, however, Jeremiah came toiling up from the quarr'-hole, she was

quick to mark the wild desperation of his look, and for the first time in her life felt almost afraid of him. Perhaps he saw this, for there was a friendliness in his tone as he inquired—

"Well, what dost want, young 'ooman?"

"Jeremiah," answered Hephzibah solemnly, "my young warmint¹ have strayed; I clomb up here to find 'ern, but I couden. Thee come and help I catch 'ern."

Jeremiah's face brightened. He valued Hephzibah's good opinion, and would not for worlds that she should have known what he had just been about, and clearly upon this point she was in the dark as she should be. Besides, to do her a good turn when he was so terribly out of sorts with himself, would restore his lost balance of self-respect. We are all of us in the end "justified by works." So he answered with unusual readiness, "Wench, I'll find 'ern for thee if I go to Dancing Ledge to do it. Sno² which way 'er be gone? Ware shall us sarch first?"

Hephzibah threw a grateful glance from her large and speaking eyes up at Jeremiah's face far above her as he lolled against the spack beside her, and replied, "I sied 'ern by Cuckoo Pound, but 'er ain't there now," which was fairly self-evident, inasmuch as a glance from Jeremiah's eagles' nest commanded the whole valley beneath, parcelled out into its meadows by the low stone walls which are the glory of Purbeck.

"Then we'd best make for Spy-Way Barn, Hepzibah," he said; and the next moment they were trudging along side by side up the contorted footpath which led over common and quarr'-pile and tumble-down wall to that far-distant home of smugglers and farm stock.

Jeremiah, had he known it, was as helplessly in the toils of wily little Hephzibah from that moment as if he had been Theban Hylas in the hands of the sea-nymphs. It was well for him that, though deftly planned, they wholly compassed his good, and the powers-that-be helped them that morning. For she had no aims beyond his salvation from the pit, and, with this, the salvation of his home. For a few minutes they walked side by side in silence, Jeremiah striding moodily along, and Hephzibah preoccupied busily with planning how to break the ground with a very delicate

¹ A local name for quarry donkeys.

² Sno = dost know.



THE TREACHEROUS QUARRY-EDGE HAD FALLEN AWAY

subject. Thus they reached the brow of the hill, and were out of earshot of their fellows, for on the further side no marblers were at work. An unusually high wall stood between them and the more open common lands where the "warmint" might be straying. The steps down this wall were broken and untrustworthy, so Jeremiah, treating Hephzibah, as he generally did by long familiarity, like a child, called, "Jump, mēad, and I'll catch thee."

She leapt, and as he caught her this sense of her dependence seemed to furnish the opportunity she needed. Jeremiah would suffer her now, feeling she was too frail a thing to be angry with. So, turning her soft, large eyes full on him, she said seriously, as she stood against the wall, "Jeremiah, what bist grizzlin'¹ abou' Tidden any caddle² wi' the kids, is it?"

Jeremiah looked extremely awkward and thrust his hand deeper inside his leathern belt as though his breakfast of onions had afflicted him. But he was much too guarded to commit himself without further

premeditation. There is a vein of caution in the marbler nature which is the gift of heredity from the glorious old by-gone days of the smugglers. So he tried his best to stare Hephzibah down, but her eyes just now were luminous in their clearness and brightness and his own hardly at second-best. That measure, therefore, failed. Close by the wall stood the half-demolished shed of an old disused quarry, round whose broken capstan the weeds were twining, and the deep hole of which was already half concealed with wild overgrowth of ferns and briars. The stones which had once made quarr'-houses lay scattered in all directions. The cheerful sound of the "chip" had long died away among the hills. That reminded Jeremiah of the "'oss," and it became in its every feature a picture of his present ruin. He walked round to the opposite side of the quarry and gazed drearily down the hole, his momentary affectation of eagerness all gone now. Hephzibah read in the silence the confession that things had, in Jeremiah's opinion, gone past Redemption Point, and it made

¹ Troubling.

² Trouble, upset.

Jeremiah's 'Oss

her the more eager to save him. So she followed up her advantage. "Jeremiah," she said to him from among the tangle of hawthorns on the nearer side of the quarry, "what bist thee grizzlin' abou'?" I'd fain help thee if I on'y could." And she leant forward across the gap to him, pleadingly, the large tears standing in her blue eyes. Those tears hindered her from seeing that beneath the bushes where she was standing the ground was treacherous and uncertain, and before Jeremiah could warn her an ominous crinkling of the stones on the edge of the hole told Jeremiah opposite what was about to happen. Another moment and the treacherous quarry-edge had fallen away, and Hephzibah hung by her skirt in the strong briar-bushes over a gaping hole quite deep enough with its jagged edges of outcropping stone to do her mortal injury if these frail supports gave way, as they must soon. Jeremiah was round to her in a trice, but it was not easy to reach her so as to get a grip on such uncertain footing.

She looked at him in mute appeal without crying out, though very frightened, as a child might look to its father to save it out of imminent peril. But the sturdy branch was giving way every moment from its root, and then Hephzibah would fall, and that, Jeremiah said to himself, must not happen at any risk to himself. So he flung himself flat on the ground, gripped hold of the root by his left hand, bent it with its living freight by his great strength towards him, as though it were but a withy, and, as soon as she came within reach, flung his right arm around her. This made Hephzibah throw him a grateful glance of encouragement which made him exert himself more strenuously for the final effort. It was not easy to land her in a safe spot, for his body could not help him as he lay. But she was very light. With a tremendous grip next moment he had swung her round over the hole and landed her very unceremoniously among the hawthorn-bushes behind him, torn, dragged, scratched, but out of danger. But the tree itself to which his left arm clung gave at that moment from the root, and this, with the effort, overbalanced him. The same instant that Hephzibah was beginning to realise that she owed her safety to Jeremiah, she beheld her deliverer slipping forward beyond all rescue, head-foremost, carrying with him into the regions below a stream of stones and loose *débris* in one confused mass.

The drop was some fifteen feet, and might have been serious for a big, fairly heavy man. Jeremiah owed his deliverance from broken limbs or worse to the fact that a bed of soft oozy clay ran for some width between the layers of stone, and into this he plunged, just escaping the sharp edges of rock which jutted out, but grazing his head against one of the rusty rollers on his descent. When Hephzibah had rushed from her briar-bush in terrible anxiety, she was just in time to see a stiff, clay-bestrewn figure, scarcely recognisable because of the liberal adhesion of yellow mud, picking itself slowly up from the bed beneath her and commencing to crawl with great deliberation up the broken steps to the quarry mouth. But her relief was not yet complete.

"Jeremiah," she cried, "thou art a good man to sêave me like that, but bist hurt theeself?"

The figure below continued to ascend, but made no immediate answer. Still it seemed probable from appearances that no bones were broken. When, however, he reached the top he came round to the place where Hephzibah stood, and, having gazed all round the landscape carefully, he commenced his confession, apparently oblivious of his bleeding face and of the narrow escape he had just had.

"Hepzibah," he said gravely, his mind wholly reverting to its former troubles, "Hephzibah, I be sair tangled."

Hephzibah was extremely anxious, for many reasons, to be most sympathetic and serious at that moment, but the situation was too much for her. She looked up at Jeremiah's face, one side of which was covered with scratches, and the other side of which was framed in a solid plaster-of-Paris framework of quarry mud. Then her eyes stole mischievously down to the bespattered smock and belt and trousers, all richly designed in pipe-clay down to the buckles about his ankles, and she thought Jeremiah had never said a truer word. Then she glanced half-timidly at her own dragged skirt torn with the brambles, some of which still clung to her usually neat hair, then at her hands red and smarting with the prickles, and looking up at him with eyes brimming over with fun she answered, "So be I, Jeremiah, 's moment,¹ sair tangled." And then, their eyes meeting, as though the absurdity of their appearance struck them both at the

¹ 's moment = this moment.

Jeremiah's Oss

same moment, they burst into fit after fit of uncontrollable laughter, in part the happy reaction from the intense anxiety of the moment before.

That laugh went a long way in saving Jeremiah from his Slough of Despond. It broke away all the reserve, and soon, lolling against the wall, he had told Hephzibah frankly of everything, including the loss of the 'oss—everything, that is, except that last little scene when he was "going down into the pit." It is possible Hephzibah's quick intelligence put two and two together, and guessed even that. And when he had finished, though more than once her eyes had filled with waters of sympathy, she pulled herself together to awaken in him that spirit of hope which is with all men the first secret of better things. "Jeremiah," she said, "thou'rt a poor stupid soul. I'd thought thee a better veeather and husband than to leave thee poor youngsters and thee bond. And as for the loss of thee 'oss, that's thee own fault too, and thou hast but theeself to blame. But, Jeremiah," and she laid her smarting hand upon his dripping sleeve, "it 'ull be a lesson to thee. Thou'lt not do it agen. And the Lord above 'ull healp thee if thou'lt healp theesulf." And she lifted her bright, pure face towards Jeremiah's as he stood beside her, and it seemed to him as though in the morning light he had gazed upon the face of an angel. But he shook his head mournfully. "Tidden na good, wench, now; they'll not trust me, sno, and there's nout to buy another 'oss wi'."

Hephzibah saw the difficulty and was prepared. She had taken that in from that first moment at the quarry with the horse lying before her by the shed door. "Jeremiah," she replied, "there's one 'ull trust thee still, and thou shalt have proof of it. Thee teak my savins for the brats' seak to buy thik¹ new 'oss wi'. Thou'lt not

¹ thik = that.

drink away a widow's mite, and I'll ax thee for it when I want it." Jeremiah held out as long as he could, with many shakes of the head, but Hephzibah was insistent and she had the stronger will. And just one thing did make him waver and yield; it was the desire to show Hephzibah that he could keep a threefold promise—to shun the drink, to mind the 'oss, and at the end of the winter to repay the loan with interest.

They had been so occupied with these details that hitherto they had failed to notice that they were no longer alone. But now a mysterious sound coming from the direction of the dilapidated shed made them both listen. Then they looked very seriously at each other. "Wadden it here, Jeremiah," said Hephzibah, "that old Adam Winchen lost his life thirty years ago? Don't they say as theese place is haunted?"

"I won't deny, Hepzibah," replied Jeremiah, as though trying in vain to minimise a situation sufficiently serious without exaggeration, "that gostisies has been seen at theese very spot. Ye see Adam led a lwonesome life and kinder curious, shunning 'oomen, and keepen to 'unself. Folks goin' down-long has seen queer things at the turn of the moon." They stood still and listened, each giving the other courage to stay.

"I 'xpect," said Hephzibah, "we've worrited 'un wi' our talking." The mysterious sound came again, unmistakably distinct from the whisper of the sea-breeze round the stones of the wall. It was like the heavy breathing of a man in a sound sleep. The "ghostie" clearly could not be far away. Suddenly her eyes brightened. She stepped hastily up to the shed door and peered in, not without timidity. "I'll tell thee what it is. 'Tis not gostisies after all, Jeremiah; 'tis my warmint snoatching.¹ Here 'er be, fast asleep."

¹ Dorset for "breathing loudly."

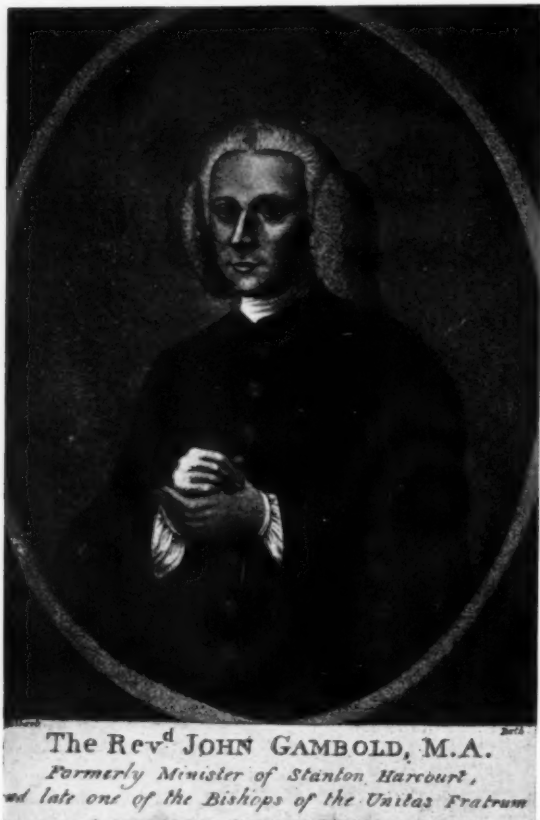
T. A. GURNEY.

(To be continued.)



John Wesley, Evangelist

BY THE REV. RICHARD GREEN



ONE OF WESLEY'S FRIENDS

CHAPTER IV.—UNIVERSITY LIFE (continued)

THIS correspondence appears to have been continued up to August 1731, when Mrs. Pendarves went to reside in Ireland; and though it is probable Wesley wrote to her more than once after that time, yet she did not write to him until, after an interval of three years, she had returned to England. Then it was too late. During those years Wesley had advanced greatly in character and in serious devotion to the lofty aims of his calling, and had gained a higher and a wider influence as a spiritual leader and guide. Dr. Rigg pertinently remarks, that, "in

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addition to the curious interest of this correspondence, it reveals a background of natural character which enables us to see in a much truer light the matured, and in good part transformed, Wesley of later years. It reveals to us the extreme natural susceptibility of Wesley to whatever was graceful and amiable in woman, especially if united to mental vigour and moral excellence. . . . He was naturally a woman-worshipper—at least a worshipper of such women. An almost reverent courtesy, a warm but pure affection, a delicate but close familiarity, marked through life his relations with the good and gifted women—gifted they were, for the most part—with whom he maintained friendship and correspondence."

With Wesley's future life in view, this episode also affords ground for reflecting on the wonderful controlling providence which then, and not then only, prevented a life destined for heroic self-denial, and for almost unequalled labour in the service of the Church, and the race, from contenting itself with the limitations of the ordinary, even though in his case the distinguished, career of the parish clergyman or the College don.

Returning to our history, we find that at the beginning of the year 1730 Wesley for some months accepted a curacy, eight miles from Oxford, probably at Stanton Harcourt, where his friend Gambold was afterwards the clergyman. It was not far from South Leigh, where Wesley preached his first sermon. Thither he rode for Sunday duty, but what other service he rendered is not known. He received payment at the rate of thirty pounds per year. This curacy afforded him a new field of usefulness, and enabled him to retain his horse without abridging his charities.

In the spring of the following year he began to observe the Wednesday and Friday fasts, after the practice of the early Church;

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tasting no food till three in the afternoon. He tells us that he strove diligently against all sin; omitted no sort of self-denial that he thought lawful; carefully using, both in public and in private, all the means of grace at all opportunities. He omitted no occasion of doing good, and for that reason, he says, he suffered evil. But, knowing all this to be nothing, unless it was directed toward inward holiness, he aimed continually at attaining the image of God by doing God's will and not his own.

At this time he and his brother began the practice of conversing in Latin when they were alone; a practice they continued through life. In the spring of this year they paid a visit to Epworth, remaining there three weeks. They walked there and back, discovering that four or five-and-twenty miles was an easy and safe day's journey in hot weather, as well as cold; and that it was easy to read as they walked, for a distance of ten or a dozen miles, without feeling either faint or weary. On their return Wesley tells his mother that the motion and the sun together, in their last hundred-and-fifty miles' walk, so thoroughly carried off all their "superfluous humours," that they continued in perfect health, though the season in Oxford was a very sickly one; and, as many thought he and his brother were too strict, and laid burdens on themselves which they were not able to bear, he begs that, if she judged them to be too superstitious or enthusiastic on the one hand, or too remiss on the other, she would inform them as speedily as possible. And, writing to his father at the same time, he says—"Since our return our little company that used to meet us on a Sunday morning is shrunk into almost none at all. Mr. Morgan is sick at Holt, Mr. Boyce is at his father's at Barton, Mr. Kirkham must shortly leave Oxford; and a young gentleman who used to make a fourth, either afraid or ashamed, or both, is returned to the ways of the world, and studiously shuns our company."¹ However, he adds, "the poor at the Castle had the gospel preached to them, and some of their wants supplied, and the children were still cared for."

Amongst the interesting letters written by him to his ever-wise counsellor, his

mother, is one bearing date February 28, 1732. She had said—"I own I never understood by the *real presence* more than that the Divine nature of Christ is then eminently present to impart by the operation of his Spirit the benefit of His death to worthy receivers." He replied—"One consideration is enough to make me assent to your judgment concerning the holy sacrament, which is, that we cannot allow Christ's human nature to be present in it, without allowing either CON- or TRANS-substantiation. But that His divinity is united to us then, as He never is but to worthy receivers, I firmly believe, though the manner of that union is utterly a mystery to me." Speaking of his many spiritual privileges, he asks—"What shall I do to make all these blessings effectual, to gain from them that mind which was also in Christ Jesus? To all who give signs of their not being strangers to it, I propose this question—and why not to you rather than any? Shall I quite break off my pursuit of all learning but what immediately tends to practice? I once desired to make a fair show in languages and philosophy; but it is past; there is a more excellent way, and if I cannot attain to any progress in the one, without throwing up all thoughts of the other, why, fare it well! Yet a little while, and we shall all be equal in knowledge, if we are in virtue. You say you 'have renounced the world.' And what have I been doing all this time? What have I done ever since I was born? Why I have been flinging myself into it more and more. It is enough: 'Awake thou that sleepest.' Is there not 'one Lord, one Spirit, one hope of our calling'? One way of attaining that hope? Then I am to renounce the world as well as you. This is the very thing I want to do: to draw off my affections from this world, and fix them on a better. But how? What is the surest and the shortest way? Is it not to be humble? Surely this is a large step in the way. But the question recurs, How am I to do this? To own the necessity of it is not to be humble. In many things you have interceded for me and prevailed. Who knows but in this too you may be successful!"²

These words show with what eagerness he was striving after holiness; they exhibit his docile and teachable spirit; and they indicate the kind of self-discipline to which

¹ But though he narrates the facts, he uses no word signifying any discouragement on his part. Indeed, such a sentiment, so entirely unheard in after life, when there was so much to occasion it, seems not to find place even at this early period.

² *Works*, xii., 13.

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he was bending himself—a discipline carried on within the quiet enclosure of University life, that so well helped to prepare him for the struggle yet to come, in the life of a far larger field.

Being in London in the July of this year, Wesley made the acquaintance of William Law, who was then living with the Gibbons at Putney, and in consequence began to read the mystic writers. This, as we shall see, ultimately added another element to his complex experience, involving fresh perplexities to be resolved, and fresh conflicts to be endured. On November 23, 1736, he wrote to his brother Samuel—"I think the rock on which I had the nearest made shipwreck of the faith was the writings of the mystics; under which term I comprehend all, and only those, who slight any of the means of grace." He also became known to many members of the Society for the Promoting of Christian Knowledge, with the aims of which he entirely sympathised. He was admitted to the Society on the 3rd of August, 1732.

On the 26th of August, Mr. Morgan died. He was one of the three who were the first to be dubbed *Supererogation men* and *Methodists*. As false reports were spread abroad that his death had been occasioned by the excessive fasting and other austerities which the Wesleys had induced him to practise, Wesley wrote a long letter to Morgan's father, giving some account of his son's Christian character and charitable works, and of the general proceedings of their little company. This so far satisfied Mr. Morgan that he subsequently placed his younger son as a pupil under the care of Charles Wesley. In the preface to his published Journals, Wesley inserted this letter as "a plain account of the rise of that little society which had been so variously represented."

During the course of this summer Wesley made two journeys to Epworth. In the first, while he was standing on the garden wall at a friend's house, it fell flat under him, but he escaped unhurt. His second journey was an affecting one. As his father was growing old and infirm, and his brother Samuel was about to reside in Tiverton, Devon, it was not probable that all the family¹ would ever gather together again within the walls of that old parsonage at Epworth—the home of the gifted

¹ Whitehead's words imply that all the family were present.

and honoured family, whose name was to become familiar to English-speaking races in every corner of the globe; the home to which the thoughts of so many in after generations should turn, and to which the steps of so many pilgrims from this land and from over the seas should wander.

On the first day of 1733, Wesley preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, before the University, on "The Circumcision of the Heart," from Romans ii. 29. Writing to a friend thirty years after, he says—"The sermon contains all that I now teach concerning salvation from all sin, and loving God with an undivided heart." But on one other topic it did not teach all that he afterwards taught. On the subject of faith it lacked the teaching which Wesley at that time himself lacked. He defines faith to be "an unshaken assent to all that God hath revealed in Scripture, and in particular to those important truths, *Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; He bare our sins in His own body on the tree; He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.*" But when he afterwards published the sermon, in 1748, in the second of his first four volumes of sermons, he added the following remarkable passage:—"not only an unshaken assent," etc., "but likewise the revelation of Christ in our hearts; a divine evidence or conviction of His love, His free, unmerited love to me a sinner; a sure confidence in His pardoning mercy, wrought in us by the Holy Ghost; a confidence whereby every true believer is enabled to bear witness, *I know that my Redeemer liveth; that I have an Advocate with the Father, that Jesus Christ the righteous is my Lord, and the propitiation for my sins. I know He hath loved me and given Himself for me. He hath reconciled me, even me, to God; and I have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.*" It will presently be seen how closely similar these words are to those used by him, as he recorded his faith after the memorable meeting in Aldersgate Street, at which he first grasped the truth of his personal and individual interest in Christ's atonement; that event being the dividing line between "He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world," and "He is the propitiation for my sins."

This year was signalled by his printing ("the first time I ventured to print any-

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thing") *A Collection of Forms of Prayer*,¹ designed for the use of his pupils. Thus began that prolific literary labour which was continued to the end of his days, and which none of his toils abated. The number and variety of his publications astonish every student of his life.

His father being in a bad state of health and apparently rapidly declining, Wesley repaired to Epworth. Passing over the bridge at Daventry, his horse fell over it with him; but he escaped unhurt, and found occasion, as so often afterwards, for thankfulness to God, because of preservation in imminent danger. His parents were very anxious that he should be settled at Epworth in case of his father's death. On his return to Oxford he wrote to his mother—"You observed when I was with you, that I was very indifferent as to the having or not having the living of Epworth. I was indeed utterly unable to determine either way; and that for this reason: I know, if I could stand my ground here, and approve myself a faithful minister of our blessed Jesus, by honour and dishonour, through evil report and good report; then there would not be a place under the heaven like this for improvement in every good work." And again—"I have as many pupils as I need, and as many friends; when more are better for me, I shall have more. If I have no more pupils after these are gone from me, I shall then be glad of a curacy near you: if I have, I shall take it as a signal that I am to remain here."²

In May he again set out for Epworth, calling at Manchester upon his friend Clayton, who had now left Oxford. On his return to Oxford he saw the bad effects of his absence upon his pupils and the members of their little society. He now found himself surrounded by enemies, who triumphed over him, while friends were deserting him; and he saw the fruits of his labours in danger of being blasted before they had reached maturity. But he stood firm as a rock, and being conscious of his own integrity, and that he had nothing in view but to serve God and benefit his neighbour, he viewed his situ-

ation with calmness, and in the simplicity of his heart wrote thus to his father—

"June 13, 1733.

"The effects of my last journey, I believe, will make me more cautious of staying any time from Oxford for the future; at least till I have no pupils to take care of, which probably will be within a year or two. One of my young gentlemen told me at my return, that he was more and more afraid of singularity; another, that he had read an excellent piece of Mr. Locke's, which had convinced him of the mischief of regarding authority. Both of them agreed, that the observing of Wednesday as a fast was an unnecessary singularity; the Catholic Church (that is, the majority of it) having long since repealed, by contrary custom, the injunction she formerly gave concerning it. A third, who could not yield to this argument, has been convinced by a fever, and Dr. Frewin. Our seven-and-twenty communicants at St. Mary's were on Monday shrunk to five; and the day before, the last of Mr. Clayton's pupils who continued with us informed me, that he did not design to meet us any more.

"My ill success, as they call it, seems to be what has frightened every one away from a falling house."

He now redoubled his diligence with his pupils, that they might recover the ground they had lost. He had been blamed both by friends and enemies for his singularity, and for some particular practices which he observed. Writing to his mother on these matters, he reveals his thoughts and methods. He says—

"Aug. 17, 1733.

"The thing that gives offence here is the being singular with regard to time, expense and company. This is evident beyond exception, from the case of Mr. Smith, one of our Fellows, who no sooner began to husband his time, to retrench unnecessary expenses, and to avoid his irreligious acquaintance, but he was set upon, by not only all those acquaintance, but many others too, as if he had entered into a conspiracy to cut all their throats; though to this day he has not advised any single person, unless in a word or two and by accident, to act as he did in any of these instances."

Tyerman observes—"Methodism at Oxford was organised in 1729. Two years after, while Wesley and his brother were at Epworth, it dwindled into almost nothing; and two years later still, when it had increased to seven-and-twenty communicants, during another brief Epworth visit it was almost utterly destroyed, for the seven-and-twenty were reduced to five. All this goes to show that Wesley was the soul of this movement, and that without him it would have been dissolved and become extinct. . . . The five poor Methodists remaining, not reckoning Wesley himself, were doubtless Charles Wesley,

¹ The recent discovery of a manuscript catalogue of the library of the Rev. John Clayton makes it probable that the volume of Prayers named above was the joint production of Wesley and his friend Clayton.—See *Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society*, vol. iii., p. 202.

² Moore, i., 203; *Works*, xii., 15.

John Wesley, Evangelist

Benjamin Ingham and James Hervey, John Gambold, and, probably, Charles Kinchin. All honour to such names! They kept the fire burning when it was in danger of going out. Wesley was their master-spirit; but they were faithful and willing co-workers."

CHAPTER V.—LIFE IN GEORGIA

ON the 25th April, 1735, the aged Rector passed peacefully to his rest, in the presence of his loving wife, his two

sons, John and Charles, and other members of the family. Charles writing to his brother Samuel says—"You have reason to envy us, who could attend him in the last stage of his illness. The few words he could utter I saved, and hope never to forget. Some of them were, 'Nothing too much to suffer for heaven. The weaker I am

in body, the stronger and more sensible support I feel from God. To-morrow I will see you all with me around this table, that we may once more drink of the cup of blessing before we drink it new in the kingdom of God.' . . . He often laid his hand upon my head and said, 'Be steady. The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not.' To my sister Emily he said, 'Do not be concerned at my death; God will then begin to manifest Himself to my family. . . . Oh, Charles, I feel a great deal, God chastens me with strong pain, but I praise Him for it, I thank Him for

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it, I love Him for it. . . . On my brother's asking him, 'Whether he was not near heaven?' he answered distinctly and with the most of hope and triumph that could be expressed in sounds, 'Yes, I am.' He spoke once more, just after my brother had used the commendatory prayer; his last words were, 'Now, you have done all.' From this time till about sunset he made signs of offering up himself, till my brother having again used the prayer, the very moment it was finished, he expired."

So closed the chequered life of one of

the most noble-minded, active, cultured, faithful sons of the English Church.

The living was given away in May; the family was speedily dispersed, Mrs. Wesley finding a temporary home with her eldest daughter Emilia, at her school in Gainsborough; and thus closed also the history of that distinguished,



GENERAL OGLETHORPE

that unique home at Epworth parsonage.¹

Wesley returned to Oxford to pursue his favourite work there. Many years afterwards, he wrote of this time—"Having now obtained what I long desired, a company of friends that were as my own soul, I set

¹ In the autumn of 1736 Mrs. Wesley went to reside with her son Samuel at Tiverton, remaining there till July of the following year, when she removed to Wootton, Wilts, where her son-in-law, Westley Hall, was curate. In the course of a few months they went to Salisbury, and during their stay there John and Charles returned from Georgia. Mr. Hall removed to London in the spring of 1739; and late in the year the Foundery was opened, where Mrs. Wesley found her last home.

John Wesley, Evangelist

up my rest, being fully determined to live and die in this sweet retirement." But Wesley was not his own master. He was in higher hands. He must now prove that "the way of man is not in himself, that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." A little while before his death Samuel Wesley had requested his son John to present a copy of his work on Job to Queen Caroline, to whom it was dedicated; and during the preceding year Wesley had already spent some time in London on business relating to the publishing of this book. Almost as soon as he had returned to Oxford from his father's funeral he had occasion again to go to London on this account.¹ Here he met with his friend Dr. Burton, of Corpus Christi College, and was by him introduced to General Oglethorpe, who had been a friend and correspondent of his father's. General Oglethorpe had just returned from Georgia, whither he had gone to aid in establishing the colony newly founded there. The Trustees of the colony, of whom Dr. Burton was one, were desirous of securing the services of John and Charles Wesley, and some of their companions, to minister to the colonists, and to act as missionaries to the Indians. The subject was now named to Wesley, and he was strongly urged to comply with the request. At first, he says, he peremptorily refused; but many providential incidents followed, which at length constrained him to alter his resolution. After taking counsel with his brother Samuel and with Mr. Law, and visiting Manchester to consult his friends Clayton and Byrom,

he went to Gainsborough, where he spent three days with his widowed mother, and laid the whole matter before her and his eldest sister Emily; having secretly determined that he would accept his mother's decision as indicating to him the will of God. The noble and heroic woman, dependent as she was upon her sons, her chief support and comfort in her declining years, and clinging to them with a fervent devotion, boldly declared, "Had I twenty sons I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more."¹

That this would have had his father's approbation cannot be doubted, when it is known that, six months before his death, he had written thus to General Oglethorpe—"I am at length, I thank God, slowly recovering from a long illness, during which there have been few days or nights but my heart has been working hard for Georgia. I had always so dear a love for your colony, that if it had but been ten years ago, I would gladly have devoted the remainder of my life and labours to that place, and think I might, before this time, have conquered the language—without which little can be done among the natives,—if the Bishop of London would have done me the honour to have sent me thither, as perhaps he then might. But that is now over. However, I can still reach them with my prayers, which I am sure will never be wanting."² This is most interesting in the light of subsequent events. Little thought he at that time that in less than twelve months two of his sons would have embarked on this enterprise.

Samuel Wesley and Emilia both approved of his accepting the proposal, but Wesley himself still hesitated. Dr. Burton wrote a pressing letter to him on September 8, to the persuasions of which he finally yielded. When his brother Charles heard of this, he declared his willingness to accompany him. This was vehemently opposed by Samuel, but in vain. Charles engaged himself as secretary to General Oglethorpe, and also as secretary for Indian affairs. At this time Charles was not ordained, and was not inclined to be; but his brother over-ruled his disinclination, and he was ordained Deacon by Dr. Potter, Bishop of Oxford, and the Sunday following priest by Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London.

It does not appear that Wesley's consent

¹ It was in this year, probably in one of these visits to London, that the following incident occurred. It was thus related by Wesley (Sun., Jan. 28, 1776) to Mr. Thomas Letts, at All Hallows Church, Lombard Street. While putting on his gown in the vestry he said—"It is fifty years, sir, since I first preached in this church. I remember it from a peculiar circumstance that occurred at that time. I came without a sermon, and going up the pulpit stairs I hesitated, and returned into the vestry under much mental confusion and agitation. A woman who was there noticed that I was deeply agitated, and she inquired, 'Pray, Sir, what is the matter with you?' I replied, 'I have not brought a sermon with me.' Putting her hand upon my shoulder, she said, 'Is that all? Cannot you trust God for a sermon?' That question had such effect upon me that I ascended the pulpit and preached extempore, with great freedom to myself and acceptance to the people, and I have never since taken a written sermon into the pulpit."—*Wesleyan Magazine*, 1825, p. 106. *Journal*, Jan. 28, 1776. This incident is recorded in the vestry of the church.

¹ Kirk, *The Mother of the Wesleys*, p. 218.

² *Ibid.*, p. 217.

John Wesley, Evangelist

to go to Georgia arose out of any change in his views as to the attractiveness of Oxford life, and the value of his work there, for he evidently underwent a very severe struggle before he yielded. And it is equally evident that his compliance was against his own strong preferences and inclinations. It is reasonable, however, to suppose that the partial dissolution of his purpose to remain, which was brought about by the pressure that induced him to apply for the cure at

Epworth, had in some measure prepared him to receive the forcible considerations that were brought before him by Oglethorpe and Burton. It is not unfair to conclude that the conviction was wrought in his mind by them, that the work in Georgia offered to him more favourable conditions for his own progress in holiness (his supreme desire); a wider field for usefulness; and was assuredly a more powerful appeal to his charity.

(To be continued.)

By-paths in Nature

BY FRANK STEVENS

AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES IN HIVELAND"

Illustrated by Frank Percy Smith

V.—WEEVIL CITY

WE were walking in the flower-garden, the Philistine and I, beside a border filled with my most precious plants. My busy friends the insects were toiling away, fulfilling their daily task and taking toll of honey, the scant wages paid them by the pampered beauties of the flower world for their good offices as pollen distributors.

Towards the back of the border arose a lanky, miserable object which seemed strangely out of place among its more lovely comrades. Bathed in the full glory of early summer, a mass of mere straggling stalks and leaves sadly at variance with the

smart company, stood the figwort, beloved of Widow Wasp. I pointed out the plant to the Philistine, who was decidedly impressed.

"What a miserable thing!" he ejaculated. "Why don't you root it up and chuck it away?"

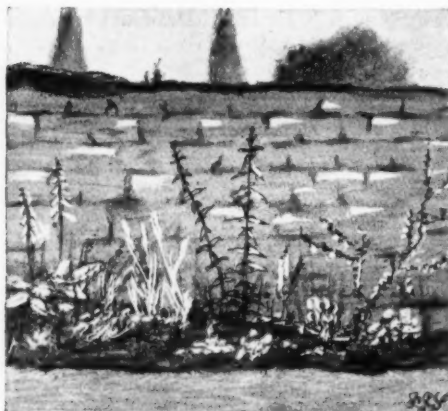
I smiled at the force of his language. "I quite agree with you. I ought to have done so, but had not the heart to dispossess the family which uses it as a summer residence. I wonder old Charles has not made away with it, but rather fancy the figwort has been clever enough to impose upon him, and that in its earlier days he mistook it for a plant of some importance, and so stayed his hand."

"And what interesting family has elected to live in such evil-smelling quarters?" asked my friend. "Surely they could have chosen better?"

"There is no accounting for tastes, you see," was my reply. "From their own point of view, the present tenants of the figwort were most wise in selecting it as their quarters for the summer. Their name is Weevil, and perhaps to them the smell is just as sweet as that of the rose is to us."

"I can't say much for their taste, then!" said the Philistine, by way of comment. "But what are weevils? I've read about them. Don't they eat ship's biscuit?"

"Some members of the family do. They



THE LANKY FIGWORT BY THE GARDEN WALL

are little beetles with long, sharp, inquisitive noses."

"Oh, they have noses! I should have thought otherwise, from the smell of the plant."

"Don't be frivolous! When I said they had noses, I didn't mean the expression to be taken literally. I referred simply to the shape of their heads. But the lesson of the Weevil family, in this particular instance, is the purposeful way in which they adapt themselves to their surroundings for the better protection of a growing progeny. Let us examine the plant and its inhabitants. Look at the tall stalk at the top — well covered with buds, isn't it? You suppose that each of those buds will in due time become a tiny flower. Madame Weevil is busy-ing herself among them, laying her eggs, a very important matter. She always chooses the very top of the stalk for her purpose."

"That doesn't seem particularly clever," responded the Philistine. "Surely when they hatch, the young grubs will be in full view of the birds."

"Soundly argued, my friend. But you have not made allowance for one important factor—the Law of Protective Mimicry. Be patient, and you will see why she chooses the top of the plant."

Buzz, buzz, came one of the wasp community, intent upon her search for honey. Now, wasps are most methodical people, and, like good housekeepers, they are careful to go the length of the market before investing or filling their baskets. Doubtless this particular wasp thought the year an exceedingly good one for figwort, for she began to climb about the buds as if counting them with a view to future operations, when they should have opened for business. Suddenly she stopped, rose in the air for a moment, then, settling upon a leaf, began vigorously to scrape and clean her legs with a little brush and comb she carried in her front legs for that purpose.



FIGWORT, WITH LARVÆ MIMICKING BUDS, AND PERFECT INSECT ON ITS LEAVES

"Do you notice anything?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "What's the matter?"

"You saw the wasp crawling over the figwort buds?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Then she suddenly rose with a buzz of high displeasure." He nodded assent. "The cause of offence is this: she suddenly found her feet covered with a sticky, gummy substance, and at once retired to wash her hands, as it were, for insects dislike dirt of any kind upon their bodies or legs. Now look at the figwort buds. At least half of them are shams. They are not buds at all, but young weevil grubs pretending to be buds; and so skilful are they that they can even deceive the wasps.

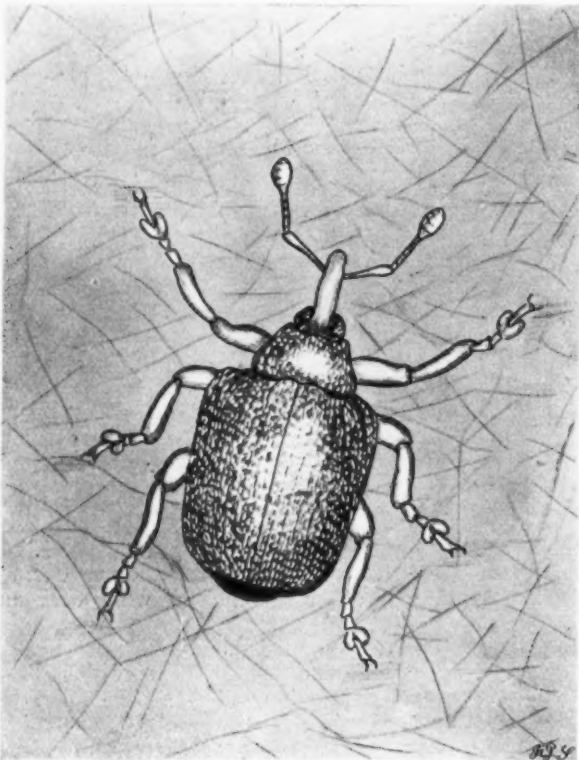
"The weevil has a double purpose in laying her eggs where she does: that her purple offspring in their early days may escape the birds, and enjoy the tender juices of the young stalks."

Lower down the plant some flowers were open, little lurid yellowish blooms,

By-paths in Nature

anything but pretty, but most inviting to the worthy wasp, who, having cleaned her legs, sought to console herself with honey. Up she came from her leaf and plunged her head into one or two of the flowers; then, with another shrill buzz of disgust, she turned away and went elsewhere, evidently in no very good temper.

"What's the matter now?" asked the Philistine. "She seems considerably upset about something."



WEEVIL ON LEAF OF FIGWORT

For answer I picked the last blossom which the wasp had attacked, which suddenly altered its shape and began to move. It was Madame Weevil herself, who had, by tucking in her legs and antennae, very skilfully masqueraded as an open flower.

The Philistine was delighted. "What a sell!" he exclaimed. "Why, it wasn't a flower at all, but a full-grown weevil! If I had been that wasp, I should have felt inclined to sting her for such an arrant piece of imposture."

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"That would have been useless," I answered. "The weevil is an armoured person, and almost invulnerable. Now let us go down-stairs to the lower leaves of this wonderful plant."

I cautiously turned one over, and there, quietly grazing, was a little herd of brown weevil larvae.

"What are they?" asked my friend.

"The little purple weevil children, as they grow older," I replied. "They have changed their colour, and now lurk on the underside of the leaves; but their jackets are just as sticky as before."

"Why?" asked the Philistine.

"For many reasons. An excellent one is that the gummy substance enables them to hang on in windy weather, though not under all circumstances. See—" I tapped the leaf gently, and down fell a brown larva. Unluckily a quiet, full-grown weevil, unconscious of what was taking place, was sitting below. Consequently he was not a little surprised to feel a heavy grub descend upon his back and stick there. For a moment he was puzzled; then, realising what had happened, he gave a vigorous shake and flicked his unwelcome offspring on to another leaf, where, thanks to his naturally gummy back, the larva stuck.

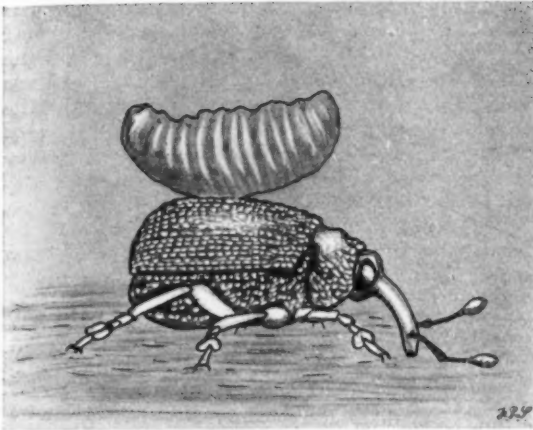
The Philistine was delighted. "Splendid!" he cried. "Better than a catch-'em-alive-oh! That sticky jacket is a great device."

We again visited the figwort some days later, and there were yet more lessons for my friend to learn—the weevils had increased and multiplied exceedingly. The full-grown insects were slowly, solemnly crawling about the leaves, with a peculiar deliberation which is essentially their own. They basked in the sun, and seemed to hold long conversations with one another.

The Philistine noticed this. "What are they doing?" he asked.

"Enjoying life," I replied. "Given a sunny day and companionship with one

By-paths in Nature



LARVA FALLING ON MR. WEEVIL

of his kind in a frequent promenade, the weevil desires no other pleasure. He does not even eat—all that is over for the present, so far as he is concerned."

The Philistine here pointed to a brown larva who was deliberately climbing the stalk of the topmost flower panicle. "Now that is a silly proceeding," he said. "The creature is too big to play at being a bud, and he's brown, not purple. He'll get eaten."

"No, he won't," I replied. "He has another surprise in store."

The grub was most obliging; he seemed to know that we were waiting for his performance, for he stopped short and began to make a series of little convulsive starts.

"What's the matter? Is the beast ill?" asked my friend, who misunderstood its actions.

"No," I replied; "only busy."

The larva was wrestling with himself right manfully, and after many contortions slipped backwards out of his slimy coat, and appeared as a greenish grub with a black head.

This unexpected transformation startled the Philistine. "Curious!" he exclaimed. "Five minutes ago he was a slug; and, presto! he is now a caterpillar."

The larva was evidently quite conscious of his new dignity, for he slowly continued his walk in true caterpillar fashion, as if he had never been anything else in his life.

"He must feel funny without his jacket," continued the Philistine.

The larva still crept up and up until he arrived among the blossoms, and there stopped. "Hush!" I whispered, for I, too, was growing excited, knowing what was in store for us. The larva slowly began to spin a case for himself, spitting up silk which he worked round and round his body as he built the cocoon which was to shelter him.

"Where does the silk come from?" inquired the Philistine.

"His body," I replied. "The fruit of constant eating. These ragged skeleton leaves are all that remain as witnesses of his prowess;

the leaves themselves have been devoured by weevil grubs and converted into silk for cocoons, and for nourishment. Let us leave him for the present; he will not finish his task for some time, but I venture to predict that you will be surprised on our return."

Next morning, when the Philistine came in to breakfast, he had a grievance. "That cocoon has gone," he said, alluding to the weevil on the figwort. "I couldn't see it at all this morning. We had much better have waited for the finish yesterday."

"Well, wait till after breakfast now; it



MR. WEEVIL GETS RID OF THE FALLEN LARVA

By-paths in Nature

has not gone—of that I am sure. I suspect your eyes were not sharp enough to detect it."

After breakfast, as we strolled to the well-known spot, the Philistine was prepared to humble me. "Now," said he in triumph, "show me the cocoon."

I pointed to the flower stalk.

"No," he affirmed; "there are nothing but seeds."

"Look again," I suggested, "at that clear, smooth, brownish pod fastened to the flower panicle."

"What of that?" he asked.

"Only our friend of yesterday," was my reply. "Knowing that—even as a chrysalis or pupa—he would have enemies, the grub has artfully disguised himself as one of the

seed capsules. Madame Water Wagtail, in her smart livery of black and white, would have been very glad to get our friend the ex-weevil larva for her young; but now she flies unheeding past the figwort, little knowing that hundreds of those tiny seed capsules are really nothing but artfully-disguised pupæ. Within a fortnight he will leave his little case, and emerge as a perfect weevil."

"But," urged the Philistine, "the figwort is completely eaten up. If the weevils go on laying eggs at this rate, there will be no food for the young when they hatch out."

"That matter is easily settled," I returned. "Watch that newly-hatched insect, and you will see how he solves the difficulty you suggest."

The weevil was really most obliging, and for the second time gave us a treat. Flick! two little wing shields stood erect upon his back, two gossamer wings spread themselves, and he sailed very slowly to another plant, whereon he took up his abode.

"Now, my friend, do you follow me? Nature provides means of escape from over-population. The little sharp-nosed weevil you have seen to-day will found, in company with others of his brood, a fresh colony, which will live—as this has done—a life of clever deception and cunning from bud to flower, and flower to seed capsule. They will make their successive transformations and fly elsewhere.

"Look at the figwort—straggling stalks and skeleton leaves, poor thing! Charles, take it away; it spoils the border. Besides, it is a harbour for weevils."



WINGED WEEVIL FLYING

The Snowdrop

LOVELY snowdrop, tender-white
Harbinger of Spring's delight,
Happy day when peeps thy head
Bravely from thy snowy bed!

Why so coyly droops thine eye?
Fear'st thou still the frowning sky?
Can'st thou only bear to see
What is pure and white like thee?

Mark how soft the breezes blow,
Hear how gently falls the snow.
Never fear, to all thou'rt dear,
Darling of the waking year.

C. A. A. DU PONTET.

A Day in a Weaving Shed

BY PRISCILLA E. MOULDER



F all the spots that one could pick out of the wide world, perhaps a weaving shed is the least likely to lend itself to idealisation. The very atmosphere of a factory seems to breathe the commonplace and prosaic side of life, and,

generally speaking, the inmates are quite in keeping with their surroundings. This fragmentary description of a working day in a weaver's life is not intended to convey an ideal picture of things as they should be, but it is intended to portray in as truthful a manner as possible one small corner of this work-a-day world of ours.

And now to get to work. It is nearly six o'clock in the morning, and already the streets of the thriving manufacturing town are alive with the tramp of many feet. Factory workers of all ages and sizes are hurrying to reach their respective mills before the clock strikes the hour, and the large iron gates are closed against all comers until breakfast-time. From the little half-timer of twelve, to the grey-haired woman of sixty, all are anxious to be in time, and to escape being locked out. The weaving department of a large factory generally contains the most influential portion of the factory community, and so it happens that a weaver is often chaffed about looking upon herself as belonging to the ranks of those who rule the roost in factory circles. It is of weavers that the late Sir Titus Salt is reported to have said—"Ye lasses might be ta'en for duchesses if ye'd nobbut ho'd yer tongues."

A weaving shed, as it really exists, is a very different affair from the pictures of the imagination with which we are sometimes regaled in the pages of a sensational love-story. The great fly-wheel of the engine has already begun to gain speed when the weaver gets inside the entrance gates. She at once threads her way down the long aisles to her own looms, and as it is winter time, the overlooker has lighted the gas, so that nothing is needed on the weaver's part but to put her looms in motion. The work on which a weaver is engaged may be good, bad, or indifferent, the latter generally pre-

dominating. Then, again, the material weaving may be a crêpon, a vicuna, a serge, a twill, a lining, a worsted coating, or a fancy-figured fabric. In any case the weaver has her full share of petty worries with which to contend during the day.

Sometimes, owing to a defect in the loom, the shuttle will catch in the warp as it goes across the piece, thereby breaking a lot of ends. This accident, in factory language, is known as a "trap." The broken ends are all to tie together again before weaving can be resumed, either by the weaver herself, or, if the damage is great, with the aid of a warp-twister. Should another "trap" occur, the weaver is compelled to ask the assistance of her overlooker, and if he is unable to get at the cause of the disaster, he will do what men too often do in similar circumstances—swear roundly, either at the loom or the weaver, or both. Sometimes the warp is of such poor material that the ends are continually breaking. Now, for every end that breaks in the warp it represents a journey round to the back of the loom for the weaver to tie the broken end. Sometimes the weft is of such poor quality that it breaks in being carried by the shuttle across the piece, making what are called "broken picks," which show plainly after the piece is dyed and finished. Her attention completely engrossed with these duties, the weaver does not notice the lapse of time, and before (to use her own expression) she has had time to turn round, it is eight o'clock, and the engine has stopped for breakfast.

After the terrific noise made by hundreds of looms in motion, the sudden silence can almost be felt. Half-an-hour is allowed for breakfast, and then on again without a break until half-past twelve. During these four hours the supply of weft will be exhausted, and fresh boards are to fetch from the weft-room. There the weaver will meet several of her friends bent on the same errand as herself. As a natural outcome of the meeting, a gossip ensues on the merits or demerits of the work on which they are severally engaged. But, perhaps it happens to be "pent" day, which, being translated, means the day on which all pieces to be paid for during that week must be in the piece-room at a certain hour, otherwise the

A Day in a Weaving Shed

weaver is not paid for her work until the following week. You may often hear a weaver say, "I am pent to-day," and she simply means that she is in a great hurry to get her piece out of the loom before the stipulated time has expired. Such being the case, gossip is entirely out of the question on "pent" day, the weaver having all her energies concentrated on her work. In weaving circles, too, the phrase "felling-out" is constantly used, much to the mystification of strangers in general. When a weaver has "felled-out," it means that she has finished the warp on which she has been engaged. But, when she says that she has only "felled" one piece, she means that she has finished one of the pieces of which the warp is composed. Some warps are made for one piece length, some for five, some for ten, and so on.

At half-past twelve—the dinner hour—the engine again stops. Those weavers who live at a distance from their work stay in the factory for their meals, and they generally congregate in groups, either large or small, according to their sociable tendencies. When the meal is ended, knitting, crochet, and fancy work of various kinds make their appearance, or, one of the weavers will read aloud some thrilling love-story, or else they will listen to the story of how so-and-so has "gotten agate coortin'," and so-and-so has "gotten wed." After dinner the looms are once more set in motion, and the engine does not slacken speed again until a quarter-past five, when the day's work is over. In the course of the afternoon the piece which has been "felled" has to be carried into the piece-room.

Weavers generally carry their own pieces of a light material, but heavy cloth pieces are carried by strong youths employed for the purpose. When the piece reaches its destination, it is carefully looked over by a man called a "taker-in." This man has a keen eye for faults, either of omission or commission, and, like the majority of those whose duty it is to find fault with other people's work, he is not always popular. Any broken ends, or grease spots, any thin places, or holes the most minute, are quickly noted, and as quickly commented on to the waiting weaver. Sometimes a fine is the result of the fault-finding, and so it may readily be imagined that delivering a piece to the "taker-in" is something of an ordeal even to the most careless.

Weavers are paid by the piece, and when a weaver begins to weave a new warp she receives a card, on which is entered the length of the entire warp, the number of pieces to be woven, and the price of each piece. This card the weaver retains in her possession until she "fells" her warp, when it is then given to the manager. All piece-workers can now claim to be supplied with these particulars before commencing work, and of late years a Government Inspector has been appointed to enforce what is known as the "Particulars Clause." Not so very many years ago weavers were in constant danger of serious accidents from flying shuttles. Now, shuttle-guards are compulsory in every weaving-shed, and there are, comparatively, very few accidents.

When trade is brisk, good weavers can earn fifteen or sixteen shillings a week, sometimes even more. But when trade is slack, and the slackness lasts for weeks and months, then it is that the tragedy of a weaver's life becomes apparent. Should the weaver happen to be one of a large family, it does not matter so much if she is thrown out of work for a week or two, but it is very often the case that the weaver is a young woman who has only herself to depend on, and then slack trade means a great deal more than what appears on the surface. There is the weary tramping to and fro in search of work, or the still more trying ordeal of having to wait patiently until trade revives. And all the time there is no money coming in to meet the weekly expenses. Many and many a poor soul, through hard experience, has learnt the lesson of the girl in *Ships that Pass in the Night*, that "things arrange themselves, and eventually we adjust ourselves to the new arrangement. A great deal of caring and grieving, phase one; still more caring and grieving, phase two; less caring and grieving, phase three; no further feeling whatsoever, phase four."

As far as my experience goes, and that covers a period of nearly twenty long years, weavers are neither better nor worse than any other class of women workers. True, they have faults and shortcomings, but these are not peculiar to weavers alone. At any rate, the epitaph which Robert Louis Stevenson says will be fitting for most of us, will do equally well for any weaver that I have ever known:—"Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much."

The Pastor's Account Book

1768—1780

(Continued from page 315)

BY A. MCL. CLELAND



ARY Lightwood to payment of Debts, 15s.;" "Geo. White, Clergyman's son, Member at Mr. Brewer's, but now a Drunkard &c." is presented with sixpence, and we may hope George put

it to a proper use.

The "Spittal - Field Weavers"; the Shrewsbury Infirmary; the meeting house at Bolton; at Morley, near Leeds; "Mr. Lambert's Meeting at Hull;" "Jane Westcomb (she put out her shoulder);" "To the Fire at Wilsted;" "anonymous;" all make their claims upon him and are all relieved. And his heart is ever very tender towards the little catechumens, who rarely go away with empty pockets, "Catechumen's half-pence" frequently appearing.

His journey to Steventon costs him a shilling, while "3 persons hearers there" go away enriched not only with the Gospel, but also with an additional shilling. On another occasion "3 Brethern at Cotton-End" receive books to the value of sixpence. He visits London, when the stream of charity is divided, the home branch being directed by his able lieutenant, "Dear Mrs. S.," while the Pastor finds ample opportunity in the metropolis for a little benevolent irrigation.

Thos. Fisher is made happy with "an old wig & cap"; Wm. Wyles with shoes; Mary Careless rejoices in a waistcoat; and Hannah Parish in stockings; whilst "a poor Lad (Jeremiah Paine)" is enriched with "a pair of new shoes, 5s.;" and James Careless (Mary having the waistcoat) goes off with a shilling pair of "Breeches."

He distributes great quantities of books, such as Mason's Hymns; Erskine's Sonnets; "Tokens for Children;" "a spelling-Book for Sarah Robinson's Grandson;" "Guide to eternal Glory;" "Bot. 6 Copies to give away of Bunyan's Come & welcome;" "Do. g. abounding 2 Copies;" the various works of the good Dr. Watts by the "Doz." and " $\frac{1}{2}$ Doz." And if he cannot give a book he mends one, as shown in the items—"A Quarto Bible bound for

Widow Pierce 4s.;" "Old Bible new bound to give away," fourteen-pence.

One monthly item in the Poor's Book deserves special mention. It first appears on January 3, 1768, and is still met with in 1780, on the last page of the book, having survived all the later troubled years. The amounts are generally half-crowns, and the items read "At the Lord's Table." But ever mindful of that keen-eyed left hand, the good Pastor always makes these entries in his old-fashioned clumsy shorthand, which, in all probability, none but he could decipher.

Human nature being prone to err, we are not surprised to find the generous Pastor is sometimes imposed upon, though such instances are rare.

There comes to him the "Rev. Mr. Knipe," who departs enriched with half-a-guinea, which, as the donor explains in a subsequent note, was "for building a Meeting house at Greenwich, but like an Imposter he applied the money to his own use."

One "Griffiths a Sailor," a wily Welshman no doubt, tells him a cock-and-bull story and wheedles a shilling out of him. Writes the Pastor, "Son to the Minister in Philadelphia who had married Mr. Fawcett's Sister, by his own account." The sailor is condemned later by the single word "false," inserted indignantly in pencil. Again, "Eliz. Pool, proved an imposter," after extracting half-a-guinea from the easily loosened purse. And again, "6 weeks ago Clark, proved an imposter," at a cost of five shillings.

For three years life in the little house runs smoothly, the Pastor happy in his home, his work, his people. "Polly" arrives and scrambles into the "Board Chaise," *vice* Betsey resigned, and the fond father is able to write in the Account Book, under date June 9, 1770, "Mrs. Taylor, Kempston 2 little Ducks and 2 little chickens for our 2 little children." Henceforth the honours are about equally divided between Betsey and Polly. The former must have been an exceedingly precocious mite, for in September 1770, Hond. Mother

The Pastor's Account Book

sends "lb. Chocolate & ½g. for Betsey's schooling," at which time Betsey cannot have been much more than two years old.

One shadow falls across the household on the death of General Kingsley, whose name made such a handsome appearance in the list of "Presents about the time of our Marriage." This was the gallant warrior whose descendant Charles, the beloved Vicar of Eversley, was destined to render the neighbouring Fen Country so famous in his *Hereward the Wake*. General Kingsley had been Governor of Fort William, and had taken part, as colonel of the 20th Regiment, in the battle of Minden, where, on August 1, 1759, fifty thousand Frenchmen were smitten hip and thigh by the Anglo-Hanoverian army under Ferdinand of Brunswick. He is buried, with befitting pomp and ceremony, in October 1769, but no portion of the consequent expense is allowed to trench on the Pastor's slender resources.

We read, "Father & Mother gave us Mourning for Genl. Kingsley. Gown, Gloves, Cloke, Apron, Shoes, Collar, Stockings, Suit of Muslin, Handkerchief, Ribbon, & 2 Shifts. Coat, Waistcoat, Breeches, Buckles, & Stockings. In all £10."

The year 1771 dawns with "Cash in hand £15 6s. 6d.," but at the end of December the good Pastor has to write "Of borrowed money I expended £8." His income was a little over £150, all of which he had parted with, "an enormous Sum," he says, "to spend in a year, & almost incredible, were not all provisions very dear."

That it has been a hard year the Account Book gives ample evidence. "Silver Buckles sold" for 16s.; again, "Sold a Tablé, 10s.;" "June 30th. For Medals," half-a-guinea. Various pieces of lace are also disposed of.

Surely it is now time to revise his scale of charity? With "all provisions very dear," and two lusty children, may not that fractional portion be altered? Evidently the minister of the Old Meeting thinks so, for on the second page of the Poor's Book we read:—"N.B. In beginning of the year 1771, with the former proviso, I consecrated the *Sixth* instead of the *Seventh* Part of my Income, because I find the latter to be insufficient for my purpose."

That was it. All depends on one's point of view, and Joshua Symonds' view of this matter was, that if he, with "an enormous

Sum to spend," felt the pinch of hard times, others, less fortunately circumstanced, would feel it more. So the Poor must needs henceforth have their *Sixth*.

At the end of 1772 he sorrowfully admits that he now owes "upwards of £20." The income is considerably less than the previous year's, and more lace has had to be sold. A dark-eyed Nancy, named after a beloved sister, has quietly slipped into the household, and ranged herself alongside of Betsey and Polly, adding her demands to the many already made on the family exchequer. Still, he is able to write on balancing day, "Praise the Lord, O my Soul, who provides for me & mine, for his mercy endureth for ever. The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore I do not want."

A brighter sun beams upon the house during the next twelve months. For though he still barter in lace, and also disposes of an alarum clock and some books, the debt of £20 has been wiped off by the end of December, and he writes, "Now I have in hand £23 7s. What shall I render to the Lord for all his Benefits?"

This good result was partly brought about by an opportune legacy, "Left me by the Will of Mr. Costin Senr. deceased 1 year." And also a gift of five guineas from "Dr. & Mrs. Ford, very seasonable, providential & unexpected." In addition to these windfalls, "Our late dear & kind Aunt Kingsley left each of us £10 for Mourning at her death, which melancholy Event suddenly took place 9th March, 1773, with which my dear Mrs. S. purchased" sundry articles of ladies' attire, and "Still remains £5 8s. 3d." The Pastor's outlay was much heavier, only a few shillings remaining out of Aunt Kingsley's gift. "I bought 1 Handkerchief; Coat, Waistcoat, Breeches, Great-Coat; Wig, Velvet Cap; Worsted Cap; 4 pair of Stockings.—2 pair of shoes: 1 pair of Buckles."

Furthermore there came a gift of £12 from a true friend of both the Pastor and his Poor. We have this note in the Poor's Book, at the beginning of September 1773: "N.B. John Thornton Esq. sent us at the Beginning of August 20£ Bank Note, part for ourselves & part for the Poor; for ourselves we reserve 12£, see other end; for the Poor we appropriate 8£ as follows." The usual items then appear till the Thornton Fund is exhausted, the charitable Pastor being extremely careful to avoid debiting his own particular fund with any of them.

The Pastor's Account Book

And so 1773 ends happily with a Christmas gift from "Hond. Parents" of "a Turkey, 12th Cake, a silk Petticoat, Linnen Do., Stuff Do. for Children, 3 Stocks, 2 pair of Ruffles, Sundry pieces of Linnen & Stuff, &c."

Space will not permit us to follow the good Pastor's circumstances, year by year, as detailed in the Account Book. That the circumstances were hard, that the struggle for existence was a keen one, the yellow leaves with their faded ink give abundant proof.

He has a considerable sum on the right side on New Year's Day, 1775, but twelve months later when balancing he adds, in his curious old-fashioned stenography, "N.B. Nothing in hand." Still: "Bless the Lord," he writes, and then follows his usual prayer of fervent thankfulness. The total income for that year was only a few shillings over £140.

Next year the struggle is still keener, and though it ends with £20 to the good, that happy result has been brought about solely by the loyal efforts of "Hond. Father" and "Hond. Mother," aided by other sympathetic helpers, who make a very substantial gift in money.

He has been obliged to forestall the interest on one of his investments, drawing in May a small dividend not due till the midsummer of next year. There are many indications that the situation had grown very serious indeed. Desperate measures are needed, if the ship is to be kept from capsizing. It requires a tremendous amount of ballast. Another member has joined her crew in the person of an able-bodied and sturdy little Tommy. More interest is forestalled, but only affords temporary relief. Those truly magnificent aunts and cousins, who serve as patterns for all future relatives, see to it that the children have change of air in the summer. "Dear Mrs. S.," with Betsey, Polly, Nancy and Tommy, is packed off laden with ribbons, caps, yards of lace, bonnets and cloaks, besides sundry guineas and half-guineas.

That splendid fellow, John Thornton, Esq., throws in £15; besides £5 which he gave, smallpox being prevalent, "for the Expende of Inoculation: 4 children 1 G. each; Servant $\frac{1}{2}$ G., Nurse the remainder," in addition to a further £10 to effect the same purpose on the families and nurses of various members of the Old Meeting. "Mr.

Lane's Legacy" adds another £5 to the common purse; Dr. Stennett five guineas; "Hond. Father, Shrimps, Salmon and £3 3s."

All these, however, are insufficient, and at long-last the paternal estate is sold. What it realised we are not told, but £44 of the purchase-money is added to the home exchequer, "much of it expended in repairing this house," and the rest was apparently well invested. This step enables the year to close with a balance of £40 on the right side.

One other great trouble overtakes the kind-hearted Pastor during this year of stress. His Honoured Mother passes away in March, and can no longer exercise her loving care over the household. For years she had made herself responsible for Betsey's schooling, and her name appears almost monthly in the Account Book, followed by numerous gifts in money or in kind. She "bequeathed to Mrs. S. all her mourning—& half her other Cloaths (other half to Sister Ann)." "Her Gold Watch, Eight Rings, Paste Buckles, & some Trinkets, 8 Tea-spoons, 2 Table-Spoons."

The year 1777 marks the high-tide of prosperity. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," he writes at its close, "for these lower mercies, but especially for spiritual blessings." The next year is therefore all the darker by contrast, when on December 31, 1778, he writes, "I now owe £40."

And this last entry introduces a certain "Memorandum" in the Poor's Book.

During all these years the poor come to him with praiseworthy regularity for their Sixth. Page after page of the Poor's Book is filled with the petty items, crowded together so as to occupy as little space as possible, several being usually crushed up into one line. He does not stint his measure. In one year, when the total income is but £168, the Poor's Book absorbs £33. A new letter is added to the index in February 1774, when we read, "N.B. L stands for Loaf," the loaves costing from sevenpence to eightpence each, and appearing with alarming frequency.

He still makes many journeys to other Meetings, but receives nothing in return. He is still kindly-hearted to little catechumens, and to those deprived of their liberty. "Rev. Mr. Field in Prison" and "27 Prisoners" are all relieved, the one with money, the other with ale and meat. He

The Pastor's Account Book

gives "Widow Manning a Pair of Bellows &c." and "Widow Reynolds $\frac{1}{2}$ Yrs. Rent." "Lent Mrs. Freeloze last May, but do not expect it again," half-a-guinea. In the month of June is entered, "Wm. Pierce at Xmas borrowed—& never paid, 5s."

On the approach of winter he gives "Lawrence Castleman my Boots," and "Joseph Medbury my Breeches," so that one is inclined to wonder what the poor Pastor retained for himself! And whenever Christmas approaches bushels of coal are distributed by the dozen, Captain Kingsley sometimes helping in this good work. On one occasion those two genial spirits, John Thornton, Esq., and Pastor Symonds, provide coal for fifty-nine families, each of which is the recipient of two bushels.

And so the generous tale unfolds itself page by page, and goes on from year to year. The widow and the orphan, the stranger at his gates, the lame, blind, halt and afflicted, all are helped as far as his means allow. But the burden was more than he could bear.

We can easily imagine what searchings of spirit, what prayers for guidance, what sorrowful resignation, preceded the following legal-sounding

"Memorandum, Jany. 1st, 1779.

"Whereas in the second page of this Book I Consecrated the *seventh*, & in the third page the *sixth* part of my annual Income to Charitable uses, with this Proviso, 'as long as the Lord shall be pleased to afford me opportunity & ability'—and whereas my Expenses are greatly increased since that time by—Additions to my Family, & much affliction therein the past Year—likewise by additional price of Butter, Cheese, Meat, Sugar, & other necessary Articles—also by my being obliged to keep a Horse on account of my disorder" (he suffered from a painful internal complaint); "& on account of my preaching & visiting often in the Country —& whereas I have now contracted a Debt of £40 —(even though my Income is increased within 2 years past)—therefore from these causes I am now obliged with regret & reluctance to Reduce the Poor's Portion to the *Twelfth*."

He then adds a kind of justificatory note: "N.B. Before I began this Book, I gave the Tenth," meaning us to understand that a family of four, with a further addition not unlooked-for, with all the expenses incidental thereto, had only reduced his charities

from one-tenth to one-twelfth of his whole annual income.

This sum, he mourns, is "but a little more than 5 Shillings p. week. However I desire to be thankful the Lord has given me a heart & opportunity to do a little for the poor, though not so much as formerly, by reason of a large young Family," increased during the year by twin-daughters, Hetty and Sally. And so a new era begins.

The "large young family" misses the tender solicitations of "Hond. Mother," and some of those wonderfully exemplary aunts who have also passed away. But "Hond. Father" remains, and he is a host in himself, and tries to do duty for all the rest.

And here we may leave him, at the close of the year 1780, where Volume I. ends. He totals his Poor's Account, and finds that in thirteen years he has been enabled, by the grace of God, to distribute in charity nearly £300.

A contemporary account tells us that the good and generous Pastor "was laid aside from preaching, through asthma and dropsy, several months before his death, which occurred on November 23, 1788, just a few months more than an hundred years after the death of Bunyan, and when he himself had been at Bedford rather longer than twenty-three years." And so, in the house in Angel St., first entered "about the time of our marriage," and visited as he lay dying by the venerable Wesley, the soul of Joshua Symonds passes away.

Bedford had been the richer for his life, and would miss his kindly figure as it paced her streets, clad in long coat, knee-breeches, shoes adorned with the buckles worn at the funeral of General Kingsley; three-cornered 12s. hat, cocked at a becoming angle, surmounting a soberly-attired wig; in his hand an open purse; in his heart a well of sympathy from which all who would might draw; and an ear so delicate that it caught the faintest cry from the sorrowful or needy.

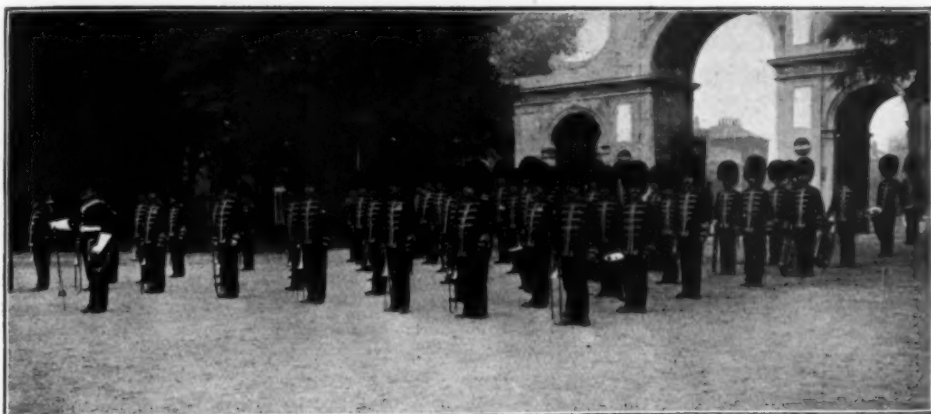
To quote one of his own embellishments on the first page of the Poor's Book—"There is that scattereth, & yet increaseth:—The liberal soul shall be made fat: & he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

A CORRECTION.

THE portrait given in our January number article on "Country Houses" (p. 216) was given by mistake. It was intended as a portrait of the late Marquis of Bath, but it is really a portrait of the late Marquis of Bute. We have to thank Mr. A. E. Hammond, of Great Yarmouth, for pointing out the error.

The Royal Engineers

Photographs by A. and G. Taylor



BAND OF ROYAL ENGINEERS, WITH MEMORIAL ARCH, BROMPTON BARRACKS, CHATHAM

THE early history of the Royal Engineers practically forms one story with the history of the Royal Artillery. Both were, until 1716, merely branches of the Ordnance Department, which was not a military body but a civil one; its officers did not hold military rank, and were merely attached to the army for the season of war. To work guns, to build forts and dig ditches was held to be work for civilians, though it is not very obvious why it should have been so regarded. Major-General Porter began his history of the regiment by telling us that in the days of old "every man was more or less an engineer; he constructed his own roads and bridges, he fortified his own camp." Nevertheless, there was always the need for the professional expert to guide the workers. As early as the Domesday Book we find that a certain Waldivus, "Ingeniator," held nine manors of the Crown in Lincolnshire. He was in all probability William's chief engineer: and those of antiquarian tastes can here find the beginning of the Royal Engineer. But, of course,

such an official, probably, himself constituted the whole engineering department; there was no permanent staff, the men under him being engaged for the particular work on hand, whether it was a castle or the King's stables. So far from the Engineers of that time being men of war, they were, on the contrary, often men of peace. In

1078 we read that Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, designed the White Tower in London, and a little later is a record that he built Rochester Castle.

There are many references to these King's Engineers of mediæval times. Foreexample, the Pipe Roll of 1131 has an entry of money paid to Geoffrey the engineer; but this money soon returned to the royal coffers, for, alas! Geoffrey had to pay a heavy fine for poaching stags in Epping Forest. In 1158 Aelnothus, Ingeniator, was "custos" or custodian of the King's houses. This office of "custos" of the Palaces and Gaols was worth the having, for in 1190 a certain noble bought it from Richard—who wanted money for the Crusades, and was pleased to sell anything which would



DRUM-MAJOR, ROYAL ENGINEERS

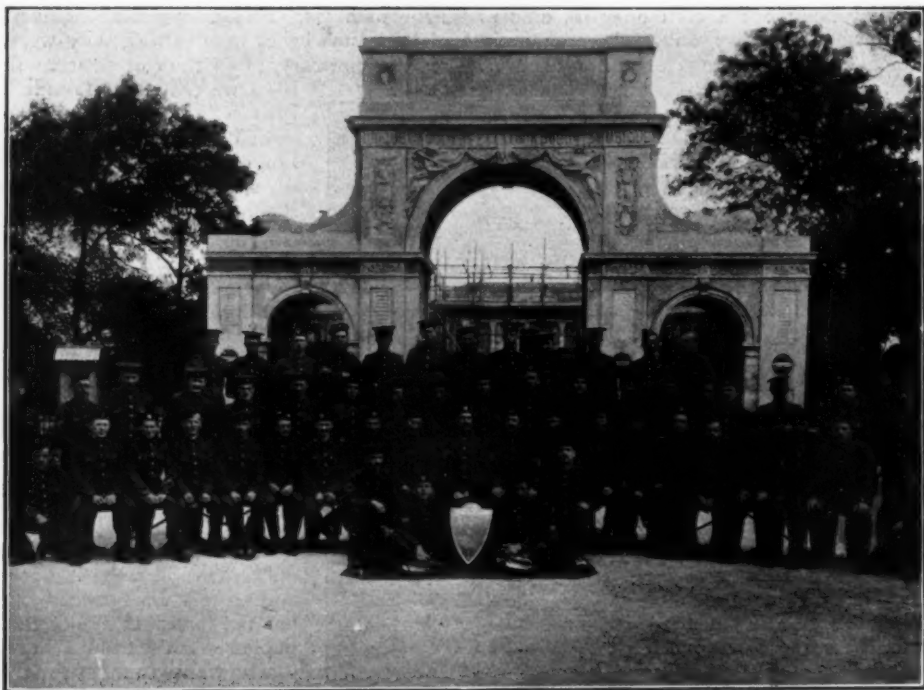
The Royal Engineers



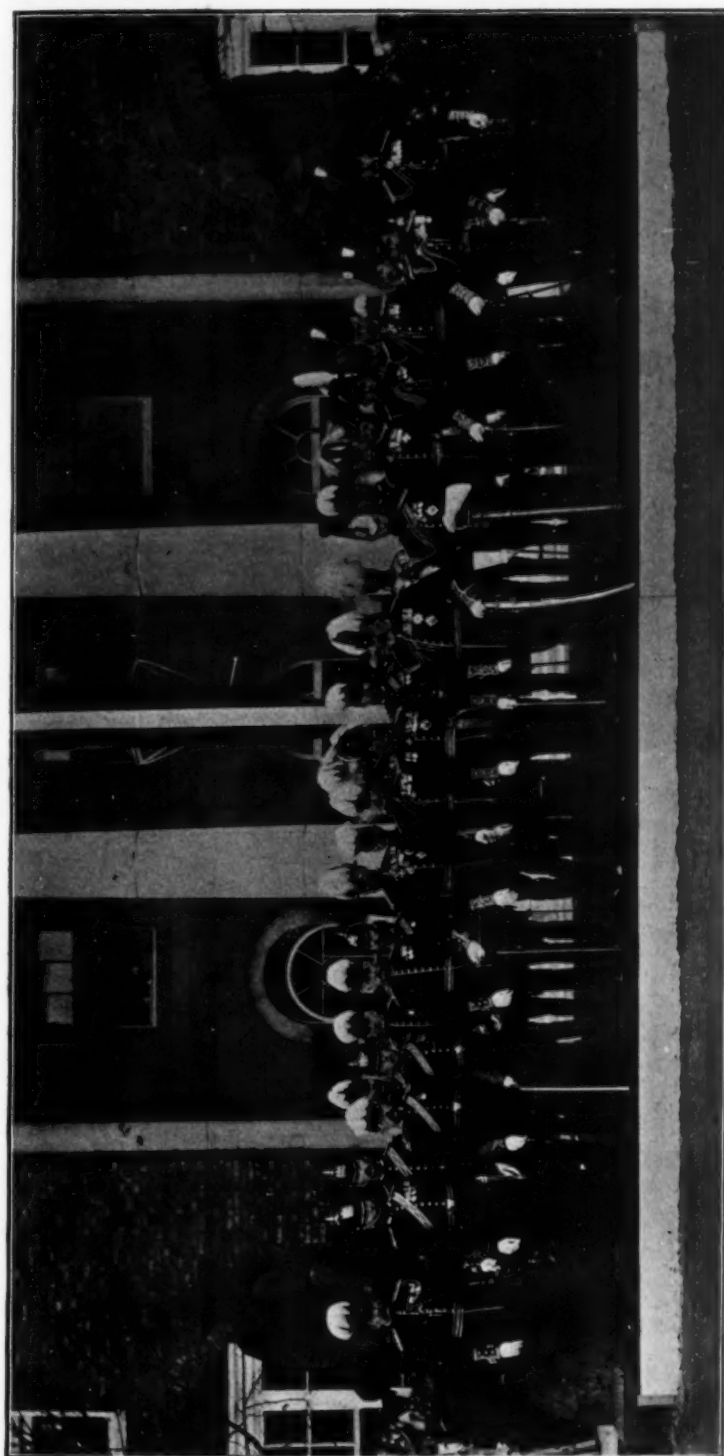
BIG DRUMMER, ROYAL ENGINEERS

bring in some ready cash—and that particular branch of the department became hereditary in the buyer's family. Then there was Master Albert of John's reign, and Peter the Engineer of 1226, who is down in the account for four marks to pay the expenses of a visit to Corfe Castle, which he was ordered to perform on his master's business.

Edward I. in his Welsh wars needed many woodcutters and road-menders, for the country was wild and difficult to cross; and the method of raising the men required is interesting, as showing the early nature of this "regiment," if the word can be used of such a transitory body of men. The Sheriffs of Shropshire and Stafford were ordered to summon 2000 men of their neighbourhood to place themselves under the King's orders for the campaign: and when it was over they returned to till their fields again. By the bye, one of the first recorded exploits of English military engineering occurred during this war; it was scarcely a success, for we read that in undermining the walls of Drosselan Castle there was a premature collapse, and many barons and knights and esquires of Edward's army were crushed. When he went to Scotland in 1300, Edward took as his engineers several monks, of whom Brother Robert of Ulms was chief. Their



"B I." COMPANY, ROYAL ENGINEERS



Col. C. Se.
 L. Barter.
 Lt.-Col.
 A. G.
 Thoms.
 R.E.
 Major A.
 G. G.
 R.E.
 Col. G. R.
 S. G.
 R.E.
 Col. G.
 R.E.
 Col. J. D.
 Fullerton,
 R.E.
 Lt.-Col.
 T. J. W.
 Fremantle,
 R.E.
 Major W.
 A. Tilney.
 Major G.
 M. W. Mac-
 donald,
 R.E.
 Col. the
 Earl of
 Erroll,
 K.T.
 His Majesty
 Tuz Kusa.
 Maj. Gen.
 Sir Reg.
 C. Hart.
 Col. T.
 D. O. Snow.
 Col. R. C.
 M. G.
 R.E.
 Col. H. de
 H. H.
 R.E.
 Gen. Lord
 Methuen.
 Col. H.
 W. Smith-
 Jones,
 R.E.
 Col. H. H.
 Mathias,
 A.D.C.
 Col. D.
 F. Lewis,
 A.D.C.
 Capt. T.
 Bruce,
 R.A.
 Capt. D.
 F. E. G.
 Pennochy,
 Esq.

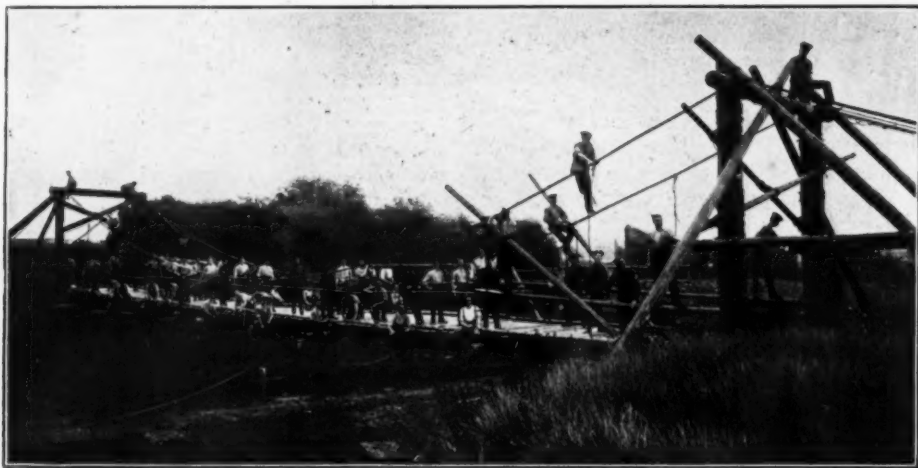
GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS TAKEN DURING A RECENT VISIT OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING

The Royal Engineers

work was to repair the fortresses, and we read that while engaged on the walls of Dumfries, Brother Robert was visited by the King and Queen, from each of whom he received the sum of two pounds as a token of their satisfaction with his services. Altogether a pleasing picture of days when there was a less stiff routine in courtly affairs.

We now reach a time when the Board of Ordnance is becoming a permanent and organised Department, and with it the Engineers' side is also getting into form. Edward III. had a permanent staff of Engineers at the Tower. In the field these were called Trench-masters or Captains of

the way to it is easy and good for the great-artillery and other carriages to pass or no; should he perceive that the way is not good he must cause the pioneers to mend it. He must also attend upon the High Marshal to know whether the camp is to be entrenched about or not, and at all times he and his pioneers must be at the command of the High Marshal both day and night." In these days of Henry VIII. there was a great demand for Engineers; for England was becoming of importance in European affairs, and the penalty of this importance was possibility of invasion. So there were many castles built around the coasts, at Deal, Sandwich, Walmer, for



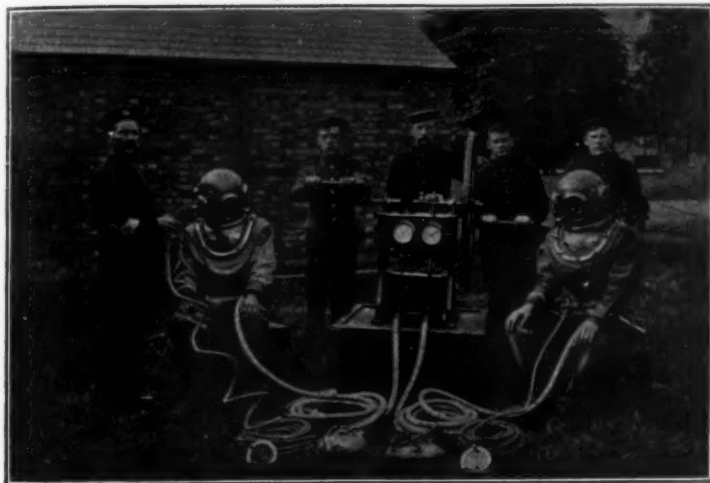
SUSPENSION BRIDGE BUILDING

the Pioneers; in times of peace they were termed Master-masons or Surveyors of the King's works. At first—after the Sheriffs'-levy system had gone out of use—the working engineers were taken from the ranks of the general army; and when their shovelling or mending was completed they went back to the ranks and fought. But by the time of the Tudors it was usual to engage men specially for the ordnance and engineering work of the campaign, though it was not until a long time afterwards that these became a part of the regular army. An official order of the year 1518 is worth quoting, for it sketches the Engineers of the period: "The Captain of the Pioneers ought to go with the Marshal when he views the ground where the camp is to be pitched, in order that he may see whether

example; while at other places there were blockhouses. This was the work which brought to the front such men as Richard Lee and Rogers. It is the former who appears in the pages of Scott as Sir Victor Lee; while Crabbe, a famous engineer of Edward II.'s time, is a character in *The Fair Maid of Perth*: in both cases they enter with historical accuracy of detail. Rogers had charge of the siege-train during the attack on Boulogne. We are told how the church steeple fell after sixteen days' bombardment; then the first mine was fired, and Henry writes to his Queen that "the greatest bulwark is badly torn": then three more mines were laid and discharged, whereupon the citadel collapsed and the English poured into the town.

But we must pass on to the time of the

The Royal Engineers



DIVERS AND THEIR ATTENDANTS

foreigners, mainly Dutchmen — as Henry VIII. had employed many Italians. The reliance of England on continental experts of all kinds has been a marked characteristic of our history: we have rarely originated ideas. Of Charles' Dutchmen the most famous was the versatile Cornelius Drebel, mathematician, chemist, inventor of the microscope and thermometer, and of the art

Stuarts. The ordnance trains specially organised for each campaign still included all the various departments of artillery, engineering, and stores in one train, which usually, however, had a Chief Engineer as its commander. Charles I. employed many

of dyeing in scarlet—an altogether satisfactory record for any man's life-work.

Matters were now getting more in order at the Board of Ordnance: the first great Master-General of Ordnance was in office,



BRINGING UP SUBMARINE MINES

The Royal Engineers



OFFICERS' MESS

Colonel Legge—afterwards Lord Dartmouth—and in 1683 he issued that famous Warrant which reorganised the Department. Therein the "Principal Engineer" is informed that "he ought to be skilled in all parts of the mathematics, more particularly in Stereometry, Altimetry, and Geodesia"; further, he is "to be well skilled in all manners of foundations, in the scantling of all timber and stone and of their several natures, and to be perfect in architecture, civil and military." The inferior officers are requested to know as much as their superior—if possible; and they are to take their orders from the Chief Engineer, and not correspond directly with the King or his ministers or the Board of Ordnance. The pay of the Principal Engineer by the same Warrant is fixed at £300 a year. Major-General Porter, in his history, comments on this document: "We may look upon this warrant as the first stage in that process of welding the disjointed members of the Engineer

Service into something like a compact corps." It was at this same time that we begin to hear of those "traveling scholarships" for young officers: thus in 1669 a warrant was issued to two cadets to visit foreign fortresses, and even take service abroad, so that they may gain experience of engineering work. In 1685

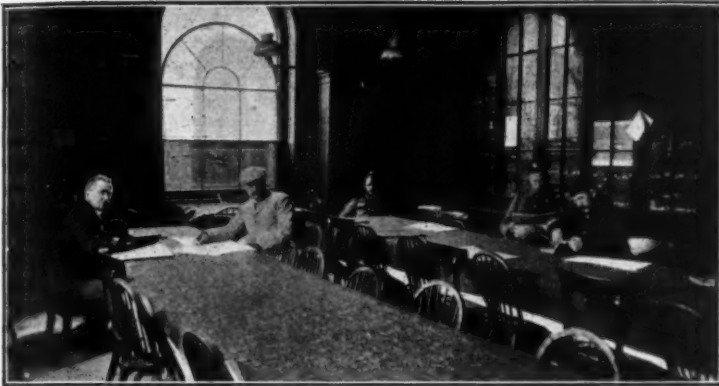
one Jacob

Richards was likewise sent forth, and his instructions ran: "You are to set forward on your journey towards Hungary with all convenient speed, and keep an exact journal of every day's proceedings, and when you come into the next campaign in the Emperor's army, to observe all the marching and counter-marching, and in the besieging of any town to observe them making approaches, mines, batteries, lines of circumvallation and contravallation." Richards carried out his instructions and saw service against the Turks. At Vienna he found Father Gabriel, a Franciscan friar of Savoy, "learned and knowing in the composition



PAY OFFICE STAFF, "C" COMPANY

The Royal Engineers



SERGEANTS' READING ROOM

of artificial fires." This divine was in charge of the artillery department, and, according to the journal, he "makes a composition of Mercury which is of so great effect that ½ oz. mixed with the allowance of any cannon though never so much fortified will make her split."

In 1716, by the same Order which constituted the Royal Artillery a regular corps, the Royal Engineers began their separate existence. They were to consist of a Chief Engineer and 27 subordinate officers. But it was not until 1757 that these received military rank, and until then they hung in a state of suspension between the civil and the military service. It is almost humorous to read an order of 1721 issued at Gibraltar: "As to the two Bombardiers blown up by the springing of mines, the Surgeon of the Garrison is to cure them upon the same terms with the rest of the Garrison." It is further necessary to note that as yet the working Engineers formed a separate corps from the Engineer officers. At first the former were "The Soldier Artificer Company," and later they became "The Royal Sappers and Miners." This

working-man's regiment was placed under the orders of the Royal Engineers as the work of the campaign necessitated. The absurdity of the position dawned on the official mind in 1856 at the close of the Crimean War—that revealer of so many military sins—and since then the Corps of

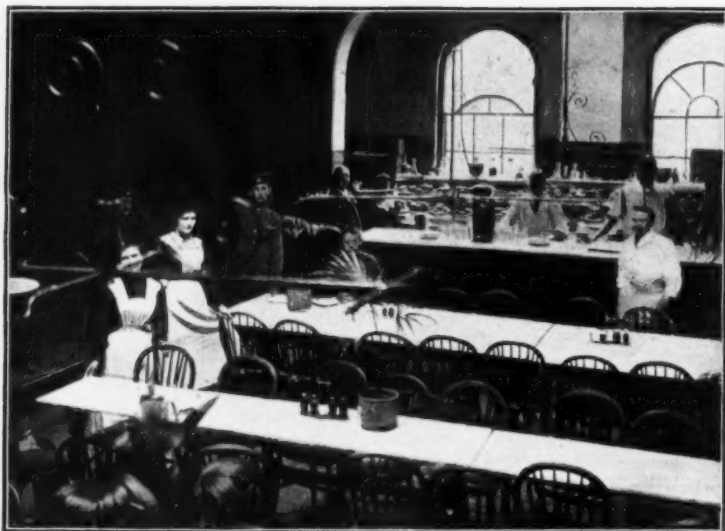
Royal Engineers has existed as it is to-day. At present it numbers about 1000 officers and 7700 rank and file.

The Royal Engineers share a motto with the Artillery; it is "Ubique," and below are the words "Quo fas et gloria ducunt." It is quite impossible to follow the doings of a regiment which has acted up to such a motto. It has been called "England's maid of all work," and the phrase is a happy one. These "Mudlarks" or "Measurers," these "Flying Bricklayers," as they are variously called in nickname, have been everywhere. One of the early and by no means the least extraordinary scenes connected with military engineering happened at Alicante, which we held in 1709, and where we were then besieged by the French. These could not



MESS ROOM

The Royal Engineers



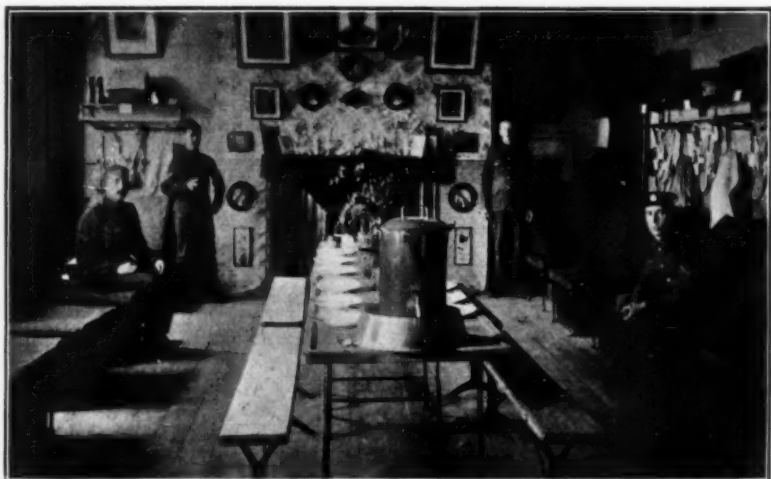
COFFEE BAR, BROMPTON BARRACKS, CHATHAM

breach the walls, so they set to work on a mine which eventually reached a spot just below the citadel. The English Engineers, tracing its position as best they could, drove shafts down towards the mine, in the hope that they would weaken the shock of the explosion. At last the French were ready, and sent a polite invitation to the English Commander asking whether he would care to inspect the mine which verily was about to blow him and his into the air. Two English officers were commissioned to go; and they found everything as the enemy said. Then came the offer, "Would the English not surrender now that they saw the hopelessness of their position?" But the English General said, "No;" he would risk the dire effects. To add stupidity to bravado he,

with his chief officers off duty at the time, on the morning of the day fixed by the French, took up a position immediately over the centre of the mine. Twelve hundred barrels of powder rent the parade ground as by an earthquake, and the General, with the bulk of his companions, disappeared in the reclosing ground. The survivors held the castle for another month, however. It is an

example of the somewhat delicate borderline between the soldier and the brave man—not always necessarily the same.

The Peninsular Campaign repeatedly centred round the work of the Engineers. In Moore's retreat to Corunna it was the Engineers who went in advance to build bridges, and it was the Engineers who came last to blow them up before the pursuers arrived. It is recorded that sometimes the French had appeared at one end of the bridge before the fuse was fired at the other



ROOM 8, GORDON HOUSE, BROMPTON BARRACKS

The Royal Engineers

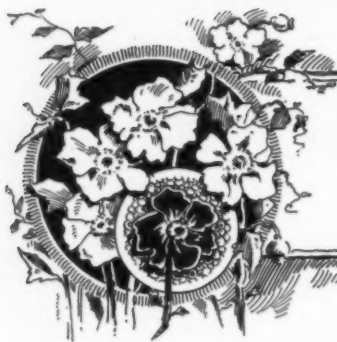
end. At Torres Vedras the famous lines were built which saved Wellington from being driven into the sea; eleven Engineer officers and some 150 artificers had charge of the works, and it often happened that a subaltern and one or two soldiers had to manage 1500 Portuguese labourers who knew not the English language and worked sorely against their will. But the long lines were finished and Massena retired baffled. The sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo, of Burgos, of San Sebastian, and the three sieges of Badajos were to a great extent engineering and artillery exploits. It was then that the utter inefficiency of the service became clear. Wellington was impatient and grumbled loudly: it appears that the main want was of trained sappers and miners; this was a defect which lasted until the Crimean War, when Messrs. Brassey, the contractors, were ordered to send a staff of their workmen to lay down the tram-road from Balaclava. Sad to relate the lesson was quickly forgotten.

The work expected from the Royal Engineers can scarcely be better seen than by a general glance at the course of the Crimean War. The first base was at Bulair, where the camp had to be entrenched; this meant that several miles of ditches had to be dug. Then the plan of campaign was changed, and Varna became the base; here the piers and wharves had to be constructed, the barracks restored, the water supply improved. In short, at the beginning of the war it was entirely a matter for the engineer; it is almost natural to find that Burke of the Royal Engineers was the first officer to fall in the campaign. The landing was effected in the Crimea in boats constructed by the corps; and after the immediate defeat of the Russians at the Alma, it was Burgoyne of the Engineers

who proposed the march on Balaclava, and its use as a new base of operations. This was done, and Sevastopol, the real objective of the Crimean War, was approached. But it was too strong to be immediately assaulted, so the attack settled down to a year's siege, the main part in which was played by the Engineers. Russell tells us, "when an embrasure was struck and injured it was the duty of the sappers to get up into the vacant place and repair the damage, without the least cover from shot, shell, or rifle-men." The great question that arose was how to improve the road which brought up the supplies to the camp before Sevastopol from Balaclava, nine miles away. The whole of the Ordnance and Stores Department was utterly disorganised; the pickaxe handles had been used as fuel; briefly, the Engineers could not repair the road, so misery and starvation came. Little wonder that the Chief of the Engineers died from sheer anxiety before the walls of Sevastopol. Finally, when the war was over, there were the docks and the fleet to be destroyed—which was the main object of the campaign. Thus the Engineers began and finished the war.

One might write many pages on the services of the Engineers in civil affairs. They have surveyed for Parliamentary boundaries, for Ordnance maps, in Palestine, and for the North American Boundary Commission. They have been Heads of Police and Governors of Prisons. Murdoch Smith at Halicarnassus, Warren and Conder in Palestine, Gill in Persia, and Gordon at the Equatorial Lakes, have all played great parts in archaeological travel. And, now, Lord Kitchener demonstrates once more the fact that his old regiment still supplies some of the best brains in the army.





The Critic on the Hearth¹

BY JOHN A. STEUART



IF people could only read their own epitaphs the most conceited would blush and the modest entirely repudiate the soft impeachments of virtue. This sentiment was expressed with a crackle of fireworks by Solomon, who thinks there ought to be a society for the suppression of excessive panegyric in epitaphic literature. There is a story of a man who, returning for a holiday to his native village, paid a devout visit to an old friend's grave. For a long time he stood gazing thoughtfully at the handsome eulogy chiselled on the monument. "Well," he said at last in some bewilderment, "I never could have guessed Jim was so fine a fellow;" and he went away marvelling at the self-control which had enabled Jim to hide in life the radiant qualities set forth on his tombstone. It is the exaggeration in such inscriptions, said Solomon, which led the satirist to write on the churchyard gate the stinging line, "Here lie the dead, and here the living lie." The ancient sage, he remarked, warns us to call no man happy till he die. Is this because we are sure of the praise in death which so few of us can obtain in life?

The Colonel was very decidedly of opinion that it is a noble and beautiful trait of human nature which leads us to speak with tenderness, reverence, and praise of our dead. "You will recall," he said, "that great passage of Raleigh's. Permit me to quote a few lines that stick in my memory, read once by a bivouac fire and remembered ever since: 'O eloquent, just, and mighty death, whom none could advise thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, "*Hic jacet*.'" This is death

as the king of terror: but it has beneficent powers which Raleigh does not enumerate. It obliterates all imperfections, it turns discord to harmony, it disarms criticism, and makes enmity ashamed of itself, by showing it as in a mirror its own ugliness and pettiness. No one bearing the heart of a man can look on the grave of an old enemy without a compunctious throb that he should ever have been so foolish, so ungenerous, so unmanly as to cherish hatred against 'the poor inhabitant below,' to use Burns's pathetic words. When the account is closed, when man has passed beyond the jurisdiction of man, then the survivor, if he be not lost to all right feeling, realises how unwise, how despicable is the spirit of jealousy or of rancour. In such a mood don't you think he will be much more disposed to praise than to blame?"

"Assuredly," said the Curate earnestly, "assuredly. If men could but see the futility and the folly of it they would blot the word 'hate' out of their vocabularies, and the thing itself out of their hearts."

"Don't you think," said the young lady classic, looking shyly at the Colonel, "that we make a great mistake in postponing our generosity until it can no longer be imparted? Surely there is no economy so unwise as that which withholds the precious gift of praise for posthumous use."

"Ah! then you think praise is precious," responded the Colonel, beaming paternally upon her.

"She means flattery," put in Solomon. "It is the fare which best pleases the young ladies of to-day."

"Speak for your own particular friends," retorted the young lady classic, with that quiet dignity which distinguishes her. "If young gentlemen but knew it, a young lady" (there was a delicate, peculiar emphasis on the word) "takes flattery as

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The Critic on the Hearth

an impertinence, and therefore an insult to her intelligence."

"Well," cried Solomon, "all I can say is this, that multitudes of young ladies take the impertinence which is an insult with very remarkable symptoms of delight."

"Nevertheless what I tell you is true," was the rejoinder.

"Indeed, my dear," said the Colonel, promptly taking up the cudgels, "no competent observer doubts it. The flatterer is of necessity a vulgar person, and people of taste and culture loathe vulgarity. Flattery is more than an insult, it is a crime. For it is an attempt to corrupt, a species of bribery implying that the person operated upon is devoid of integrity. Only two sorts of people indulge in it to any extent—fools who would fain pass as persons of discernment, and knaves with axes to grind. I don't know which is the worse, the fool or the knave."

"At any rate, you will not deny," returned Solomon, "that the average young lady of the day lends rather a greedy ear to compliment."

"I should be inclined to deny anything that is unchivalrous to a much-enduring and immensely patient sex," replied the Colonel. "Man has made woman the butt of his clumsy wit too long. When Dr. Johnson, that sturdy beef-eater of letters, tells us 'that a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not well done; but you are surprised to find it done at all,' we forgive the brutality for the sake of the personality behind; but when a man of mean personality or no personality at all attempts to imitate Johnson, we resent the impertinence. Even Johnson would have benefited by a little more grace and urbanity. With all his virtues the good man is ponderous, and cannot so much as crack a nut without using a sledge-hammer. As for the question in hand, our young friend," bowing to Solomon, "asks in effect, with Gay, what woman can resist the force of praise? You might substitute man for woman and be just as near the truth. I don't blame Gay. A poet must have a poet's licence, and if he sometimes leaps the fence and takes a canter on forbidden ground, why, all one can say is that it's pretty Fanny's way. As for ourselves, let us ever remember that genius may do with impunity what would bring a killing ridicule on mediocrity. Now, the point is this: because a girl has the graciousness to smile

kindly at a man's efforts to practise gallantry, is he thereby justified in concluding she has an insatiable appetite for sweets? Surely not. However her face may feign gratification, I believe every sensible woman in her heart despises the man of excessive compliments. Shakespeare, the unerring interpreter of human nature, knew this well when he made Desdemona yield her heart to Othello, a man of war and unpolished speech. Granted a woman has a native taste for sweetness, are we hence to infer she would have life devoted to one long feast of pastry? Believe me she knows better."

"Oh, thank you so much," said the young lady classic demurely.

But Solomon was still incredulous and impenitent. "What of John Wilkes?" he demanded triumphantly. "The ugliest man of his day in England, yet a famed lady-killer."

"We have in these days many ardent disciples of Mr. Wilkes," returned the Colonel, "some of whom have all his blatancy with no flavouring of his wit. For myself, I decline to believe that a woman flutters at a compliment, like a bird on a bough at the fascination of a serpent. Most of our latter-day gallants, I observe, are mere tailors' men, trimly and fashionably set forth, as to dress, but most miserably furnished in the upper storey."

"We were on the theme of praise," said the Curate gently, exchanging a look with the young lady classic, "and we are off to tailors and milliners. Let these rest—as useful members of society. Concerning praise, I cannot help thinking we wrong both ourselves and others by withholding it where it is deserved. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a beautiful axiom, but it does not include the whole duty of man. If people were only to agree to speak nothing but good of each other for a single year, or even to abstain from speaking evil of each other, we should all make enormous strides towards the millennium. Don't you think so?" he asked, turning to me.

I am entirely of your mind, I answered. Probably more mischief is done by unkind words than by unkind deeds. Words break no bones, says the old proverb. True; but they do worse, they break hearts. In saying this I am not thinking now of people who are wilfully or wantonly cruel; but rather of those who are thoughtless, petty, inconsiderate, who pass hasty judgments

The Critic on the Hearth

on insufficient grounds, who lightly attribute motives, and speak disparagingly less from malice than from an itch to say something piquant. A great many otherwise good people appear to think that the essence of conversation is a combination of pepper and vinegar. "Oh, have you heard about so-and-so?" they will ask with a feigned air of regret, while satisfaction beams from their eyes; "I am so sorry." Then comes talk that makes honour blush. Such people are not intentionally malicious—probably they would repudiate a charge of malice with righteous indignation. And in this they would be quite sincere and honest. For in truth they are for the most part unconscious of their own lack of charity. They are the tipplers of gossip, the retailers of small talk with an edge of scandal. Tell a man who habitually indulges in "nipping" that he is qualifying as a drunkard, and he will be hurt and angry. An Irishman caught in drink by his spiritual overseer made the excuse that he had only taken a thimbleful. "A thimbleful," retorted his pastor, "could never have put you into this condition." "Faith and yer riverence," was the candid rejoinder, "it was a tailor's thimble—with no bottom." The bottomless thimble is all too familiar in social intercourse. A little more reflection, a little more self-control, a desire at all times to be fair and considerate would be a vast improvement in us all. Curiously enough, those who are most prone to unkindness of speech are readiest to complain of the unkindness of others.

"Form a league," said Solomon. "That's the patent and approved method of proceeding in these days. A league for the general mending of manners would be in harmony with custom, and *might* do good."

"Capital," cried the Curate. "May I enroll you as the first member of the League of Gentleness? What we particularly need just at present, I think, is a Society of Gentlemen."

"Ah!" said Solomon, "and pray what is a gentleman? I noticed from a recent decision of the law courts that a school-master is not a gentleman. Who then is?"

"The law," answered the Curate, "sticks to the antiquated and the obsolete. In the legal view a gentleman is still a man who does nothing for his living. Happily that theory has long been discarded everywhere outside of the law courts as contrary to truth and the good sense of mankind."

"Yes, yes," said Solomon, with a gleam of triumph as one who should say, "I have you now." "But what is a gentleman?"

"There are definitions in plenty if they will serve you," replied the Curate. "I rather like that one of J. C. Hare in *Guesses at Truth*, 'A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.' There is a great deal well worth studying in that. For one thing it immediately puts us on a high plane. That is in itself no small gain. Tennyson, a very gentlemanly poet indeed, takes the conventional view when he writes of

"The grand old name of Gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use."

This does not brace and elevate like Hare's definition. It is the creed of the fox-hunting parson and the hard-drinking squire of last century. By simple instinct Dick Steele is better when he tells us that to be a fine gentleman is to be a generous and brave man. Generosity and courage are virtues that usually go together. In this point of view Horace is as wise and penetrating as any when he tells us that a gentleman must have a man's soul, cultured manners and fidelity. Shakespeare in a satiric mood describes a gentleman as one who will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month! Babblers and braggarts are not gentlemen. The Scot being shrewd and canny thinks the essentials of a gentleman are 'gude breeding and siller,' the siller perhaps being necessary to the gude breeding."

You will find, I pointed out, that Ruskin agrees at least in part with the Scotch definition. He tells us that the primal, literal, and perpetual meaning of gentleman is "a man of pure race," that is to say, literally of good breeding. This speaking of a man as he would speak of a horse or a dog may seem a tumbling from the heights of human egotism and self-sufficiency. But Ruskin establishes his case. He scorns the idea that the term "gentleman" has anything whatever to do with the idea of "a man living in idleness on other people's labour." The latter, as we have just seen, is the legal view, and, despite our huge budgets for education and the excessive activity of the school-master, it is the vulgar notion as well. According to the Ruskinian doctrine, however, no man can be called a gentleman until "he has learned that it is no part of

The Critic on the Hearth

his duty or privilege to live on other people's toil." Some time ago Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the greatest industrial captain of the age, took some pains to explain to an eagerly-attentive world that the secret of fortune-making is precisely this living on other men's toil.

"Do you deny that doctrine?" demanded Solomon.

I am content to answer that Ruskin denies it. In the rough-and-tumble of the world men will make their choice according to their interest. As between Ruskin and Mr. Carnegie, I think I know which will have the majority. But the crowd, as Plato long ago remarked, is no philosopher, and therefore no guide in a delicate matter of conscience. What do you think is the first characteristic of the Ruskinian gentleman? It is "that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation, and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathy." Sensation and sympathy. Without these to work on the teacher toils in vain. So that we come back to the homely old proverb about the impossibility of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. A coarse nature cannot acquire the essential fineness or delicacy. Ruskin is careful to point out that this fineness is perfectly compatible "with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness. . . . The white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle and behave itself like iron." This truth has been magnificently exemplified in the career of General Gordon, perhaps our highest type of chivalry in the nineteenth century. Ruskin illustrates the vulgar by contrast, and here some excellent people who consider themselves authorities on matters of taste will sniff offence. There is no vulgarity, he observes, in

"Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she, but and ben,
And weel she liked a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen,"

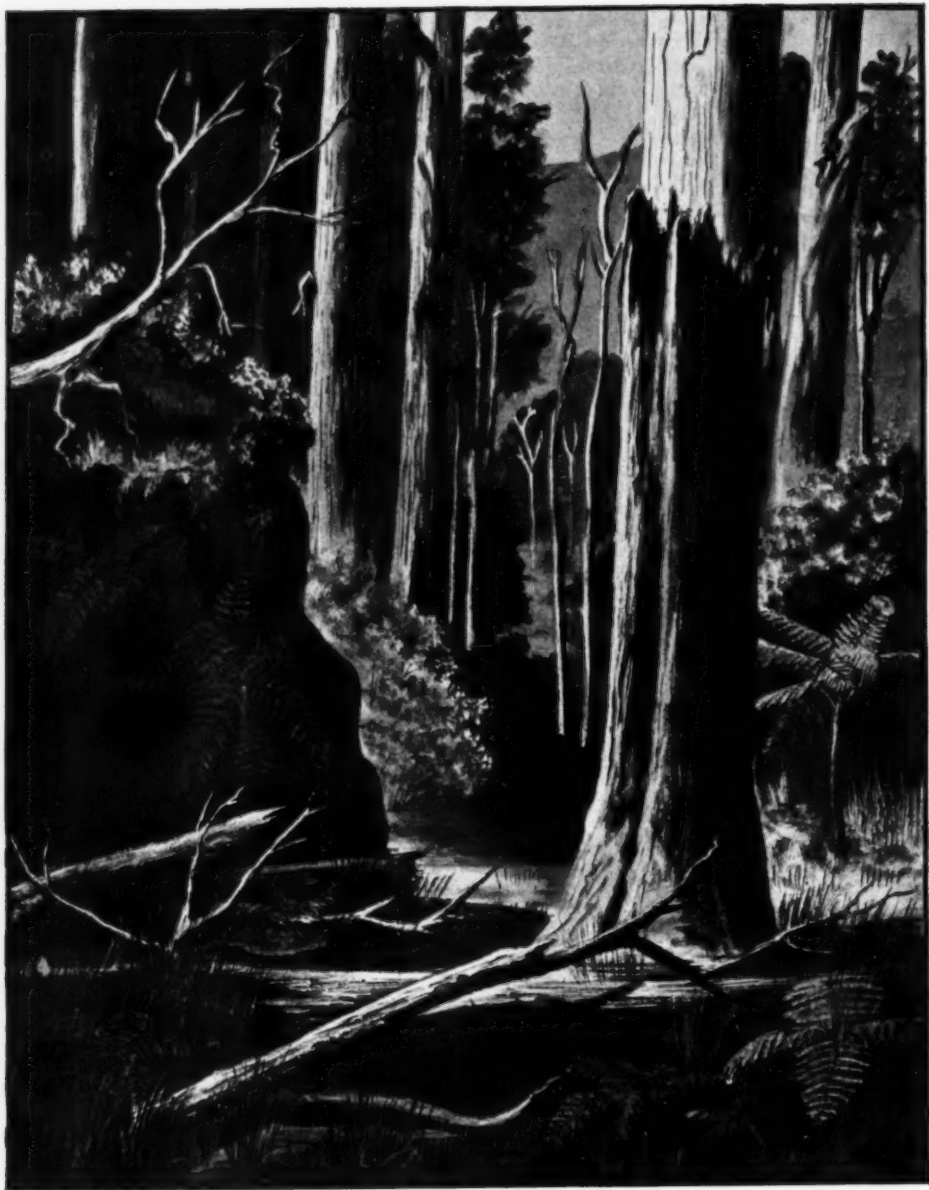
but much in Mrs. Gamp's inarticulate "bottle on the chimleypiece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed."

Newman, who deals very pertinently and closely with the same great question, characteristically concentrates attention on the mental and moral qualities alone. He thought it almost a definition of a gentleman to say "he never inflicts pain." Gentle-

ness, justice, courage, candour, forbearance, these are with him the fundamental virtues on which to build the superstructure of a noble manhood. It may be noted that he does not go beyond Horace, to whom as to Cicero he owed a great debt both as to thought and style. For the English reader, however, he has said the last word on the subject, and said it with a charm which makes his description classic.

The gentleman then will know how to criticise, he will blame sharply on occasion, but he will prefer to praise sincerely and whole-heartedly. The faint praise mentioned by Pope is merely a polite form of malice which injures both him who gives and him who receives. Many a surly, jealous man finds it easier to throw a beggar a sovereign than to speak a word of hearty praise of one whom he presumes to call friend. You may be sure such a man is not happy. For real happiness, as was recently decided at our dinner-table, lies in the cordial appreciation of others.

Literature, which after all is our best mirror of life, here affords the thoughtful an invaluable object lesson. All great critics are liberal, even lavish of praise. Promoted office boys, junior reporters, and excessively-accomplished young gentlemen with the university varnish shining all over them, believe that the function of criticism is to exhibit the smartness of the critic. This theory was never held, or at any rate never acted on, by the leaders of thought in any age. The savage reviewing of the early nineteenth century was the reviewing of savages. Think what a word of true appreciation would have been to Keats, how intelligent and judicious criticism could have smoothed the path of Carlyle. The world is too much given to posthumous justice. Burns died with a curse on his lips because a Dumfries tradesman threatened him with gaol for a petty debt. A few weeks ago the family Bible in which he made one or two entries of no particular interest was sold for nearly £2000. What folly! to let the man starve, and rave over a relic. The obvious moral for us all is—to give the aid while the aid can be given, to speak the word of encouragement while it can yet delight ear and heart. It is seldom necessary that we should, like Hercules, put our own shoulder to the wheel. The sympathetic touch of a hand, a word kindly spoken will do miracles—and such miracles the weakest of us can perform.



Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by M. P. Dunlop

IN THE RANGES, HEALSVILLE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Russian Superstition

A FEW days ago a ticket-collector on the Poleskoy railway line entered a compartment with the usual call of—

"Tickets, please!"

The passengers produced their tickets.

"Your ticket, please, my good woman," said the collector, turning to an old woman sitting in a corner of the compartment, with a curious greasy-looking skull-cap on her head. The old woman glanced up at the official in surprise and turned her head towards the window.

"I tell you, my good woman, I must see your ticket," continued the official. The person addressed, however, sat quietly without paying the least attention to what was going on, as though the matter had nothing to do with her.

At last the conductor lost his temper: "Are you deaf?" he shouted, catching hold of her arm and shaking it.

The old woman's face expressed both surprise and fear.

"You don't mean to say you can really see me, can you?" she asked the official.

"Well," said the latter, "here's a fool if ever there was one; she actually thinks I am blind."

The passengers smiled, whereupon the poor woman threw up her arms and burst out crying.

"Oh, the robber, the scoundrel, he has cheated me!" she sobbed.

The passengers' interest was now aroused. They cross-examined the old woman and elicited the following curious story.

While waiting for the train at Baranovitch she had had a conversation with a pious and holy monk. On hearing that she was going to Homel to her husband, and that the price of the ticket was something over three roubles, this man of God had made her the following offer; on receiving a rouble from her which would enable him to buy a candle to burn before a saint, he undertook to furnish her with a cap from the Holy Land possessed of one remarkable quality: having put it on her head it would make her invisible to the ticket-collector and enable her to pursue her journey to Homel gratis.

The old woman, considering this to be a good bargain, gave the stranger the required rouble

and received from him in return the very skull-cap which she was then wearing.

A collection was made by the passengers and a ticket bought for the hapless victim of superstition and thrift.—C. E. D.

Relief for the Housekeeper

IN the newer buildings of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and some other American cities, brooms, brushes, and dusters are unknown, periodical house-cleanings are unnecessary, and carpets need not be taken up for cleaning from the time they are laid down until they are quite worn out. All the cleaning and dusting is done by a vacuum cleaning plant, which is installed during the construction of the building just as are the pipes for conveying gas or water. Down in the cellar is a vacuum air-drawing machine, which can be driven by electricity or by gas or steam, and from it run the pipes, concealed in the walls, which have an outlet on each floor. To these outlets can be attached the vacuum hose, and into the end of the hose can be fitted the cleaning implements for the work in hand. The different attachments are made of brass. One for sweeping a floor or carpet is about three and a half feet long. As it passes along, the vacuum created by the pump draws into the implement every bit of dust, and sometimes even small coins or trinkets. There is a smaller implement for cleaning furniture, and nooks and crevices in upholstered chairs need no longer cause the housewife any uneasiness. Another attachment made in several sections, fitting into one another like the sections of a trout-rod, will clean cornices near the ceiling, high picture frames, or the upper corners of the rooms. There is also an attachment for cleaning spaces under furniture. If there were a wardrobe, for instance, with two inches of space between its bottom and the floor, this implement can be pushed underneath on a tiny pair of wheels. On emerging it would leave the hidden space as spotless as the rest of the floor. Still another appliance, with a very small opening, is fixed to the hose for dusting clothing. No scattering of the dust in the air is possible. All the street dust and dried mud is drawn into the vacuum tube to disappear without leaving a trace of its noxious presence.

The vacuum cleaning apparatus has even a place in the dressing-room. Instead of

Over-Sea Notes

brushing the dust and scurf out of the hair and scattering it around, a tiny apparatus can be fixed on the end of the hose and passed over the head, drawing all the dust and impurities out of the hair and leaving it cleaner and sweeter than the most vigorous shampoo. The dust collected by the apparatus passes into a cylinder in the cellar, where it can be removed periodically. The finer particles are passed into water which is flushed out once a day. As yet scarcely half-a-dozen private residences have been fitted with this cleaning apparatus, and the cost for people in moderate circumstances is prohibitive. But there is very little doubt that the system can soon be adapted to homes even of the humbler sort, and that soon the cleaning apparatus will be installed in private houses just as generally as now heating systems are installed when a house is built. The gain in healthfulness through the elimination of dust and disease germs is beyond calculation, and there will also be an enormous gain to the housewife in the help that this system will afford to the solution of the servant problem.—A. G. P.

The Ballarat Rebellion

THE early settlers of Australia knew what it was to do battle with the aborigines, and many are the records of their skirmishes with the savage possessors of the soil, but only once has the sound of British guns been heard in Australia in action with their own countrymen. The jubilee of this event has just been celebrated in the city where it took place.

The trouble at the Eureka, between the authorities and the diggers, arose in this way. In the height of the gold fever, when thousands of men had flocked to Ballarat from all parts of the earth, it was found necessary to limit the amount of ground which each man might have the right to mine, as otherwise endless disputes would have arisen, followed perhaps by bloodshed. A licence, giving the holder undisputed possession of a block eight feet square, was consequently issued. This was the original provision, but the area was subsequently made somewhat larger.

For this licence, a fee of thirty shillings per month was charged, and from this arose all the trouble. It had to be constantly carried by the holder, as it might be demanded at any time by a commissioner or peace officer, and the demands for the production of it were often made in the most absurd and irritating fashion. The tax itself was bad enough, though that could have been borne, but when men were

constantly called up from their work at the bottom of their claims, and, if they had forgotten the licence and could not produce it, were marched off to the rough log prison, then British patience gave out and the resentment became dangerous.

In addition to the thousands of our own countrymen on the field, there were many turbulent foreigners who helped to fan the flame, and it is now admitted that the violent speech of one of the leaders—a boastful Hanoverian for whom the highest reward of £500 was subsequently offered—was largely instrumental in bringing matters to a crisis.

The diggers elected Peter Lalor, a young Irishman, their commander, and a stockade was erected. Weapons were possessed by almost every one, and the stockade forge was kept busy forging pikes, while drill proceeded apace. Had the insurgents adopted a bold policy and attacked the commissioner's camp, they would doubtless have been successful and could then have dictated their own terms.

But they preferred to wait as long as the local forces were not reinforced from Melbourne, with the result that when Captain Thomas, in command of 276 men, instead of marking time till further troops arrived, led the soldiers against the stockade, he was entirely successful. He made a surprise attack on Sunday morning, December 3, 1854, before break of day, and captured the place within half-an-hour of firing the first shot. Fourteen diggers were killed, eight others afterwards died of their wounds, twelve more were wounded and many prisoners taken. Of the troops, a captain and three privates were slain and several were wounded, one subsequently dying.

It is this stirring event in local history that the Golden City of Ballarat has been celebrating at the close of 1904 with appropriate speech-making, and as the Eureka incident, like some others, has gathered prestige and romance with the lapse of time, those of the diggers who still survive, now veterans of seventy and eighty, have gathered from many parts of the State, "to fight their battles o'er again," the guests of the city they helped to make.

After the capture of the stockade, the obnoxious regulations were amended, and a general amnesty proclaimed. Peter Lalor, the commander of the insurgents, who lost an arm through a wound received in the fight, rose to political distinction and became the ablest Speaker of the House of Assembly that Victoria has known.—A. J. W.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

The Number of the Stars

A VIEW of the sky on a fine night, "when all the stars shine and the immeasurable heavens break open to their highest," gives the impression that the twinkling points visible are too numerous to be counted. This conclusion, however,

whole celestial sphere. This is also about the number reached by photography. When a sensitive plate is exposed to the sky in an astronomical telescope or camera, the number of stars depicted by it increases as the action is prolonged. A few years ago it was supposed that more and more stars would be added to the



PART OF THE MILKY WAY IN THE CONSTELLATION OF CEPHEUS

(From a photograph by Prof. E. E. Barnard.)

is altogether erroneous. To an observer with average eyesight less than three thousand stars can be discerned without optical aid even when the heavens seem ablaze with starlight. A field glass or small telescope will increase this number to about one hundred thousand, and the largest telescope in the world will show to the eye of the observer about one hundred million stars in the

empire of astronomy by increasing the sensitiveness of the photographic film, or lengthening the duration of exposure to faint celestial light. Apparently this is not the case. The late Dr. Roberts found that there is a limit to the powers of photography applied to the heavens. A plate exposed to the sky for an hour or so will show as many stars as one upon which the



PHOTOGRAPH OF A CLUSTER OF STARS IN THE
CONSTELLATION OF THE CENTAUR, VISIBLE
IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

starbeams have fallen for several hours. So far, then, can the astronomer go, and no further, for no new secrets are revealed to him however long he waits. Thus, though there is no boundary in space, which can only be conceived as infinite in all directions, there is a limit to the number of stars which constitute our universe. Upon the darkness of infinity the stars are projected, here in rich profusion, there few and far between, but even if the whole heavens were covered with clusters like that here reproduced—in which more than six thousand stars have been counted—the total number of stars would only be about one thousand millions, that is, much less than the number of human beings on the earth. But the stars are not nearly so closely clustered as this in general. Star-clusters are most abundant in or near the Milky Way, which consists almost entirely of numerous stars too faint to be seen as individual points of light by the unaided eye. This zone of the sky is thus particularly rich in stars, but if the entire area of the heavens were covered with stars in like profusion, the total number would only be about one hundred and fifty millions. As the greater part of the sky is much poorer in stars than is the Milky Way, the actual number must be below one hundred and fifty millions, and it probably does not exceed one hundred millions. To refer to the stars in our universe at being infinite in number is therefore merely a figure of speech, just as it would be to describe English-speaking people, who also number about one hundred millions, as an infinite population. Our limited stellar system may, however, be only an island in infinite space, and in the darkness beyond the stars many other universes may exist, the light of which has never reached the eye of man.

Our Disappearing Coast

ATTENTION is continually being directed to the losses of land occurring at many parts of the coast of the United Kingdom on account of encroachments by the sea. It is well known that the frontiers of our country are continually being pushed back by these inroads; and though to some extent the waste is compensated for by the reclamation of land, and by natural gains in a few places, the area thus recovered is small in comparison with that worn away by the unceasing operations of the sea. The most strongly attacked portion of the English shore is the coast-line between Bridlington and Spurn Head, and the effects were recently described by Mr. E. R. Matthews in a paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers. Almost the whole of this coast-line is being worn away at an average rate of almost three yards per annum; and at this rate it is estimated that one hundred and fifteen square miles of land have disappeared between Flamborough Head and Kilnsea—a distance of forty miles—since B.C. 55, the sea having in that time encroached upon the land to the extent of three and a half miles. At Kilnsea very rapid losses of land have occurred, strips of fifty yards wide and one hundred yards or so long having, in a couple of months, slipped into the sea at intervals along some five miles of coast. Along the East Anglian coast there is almost a continuous waste of land so far south as Harwich, the amount in some places reaching as much as fifteen feet in a year. From the east end of Margate to the North Foreland the annual loss of land is about one-tenth of an acre, for heavy falls of chalk cliff occur there in wet or frosty weather. Similar work of destruction is going on in many other parts of our coast, and it is often due to the removal of the shingle beach which forms a natural protection to the shore, or the action of seaside authorities in trapping the travelling shingle by groynes, with disastrous results to the land to leeward of their shore. Mr. Matthews estimates that the value of the land destroyed within a reasonable period along the Holderness coast of Yorkshire is only about one-third the first cost of the groynes alone which would be required to protect it, neglecting the cost of a sea-wall and of the maintenance of the protective works. There is little hope that these works will be built and maintained out of the national exchequer, but the whole subject requires investigation, and legislative action is desirable to prevent the



"PIN-HOLE"

One-sixtieth of an inch in diameter, through which the photograph on opposite page was taken. The metal around the pin-hole has been countersunk so as to make it very thin close to the pin-hole.

construction of works which protect one part of the coast at the expense of another.

Photography through a Pin-hole

MAKE a minute hole in a card, with the point of a pin or needle, and hold the card between the flame of a candle and a piece of white paper or card. An inverted image of the flame will be seen upon this screen, and its size will depend upon the relative distances of the pin-hole from the flame and screen. A small aperture behaves, in fact, like a lens, and for some purposes it is better to use a pin-hole camera than the usual camera with a lens. The picture here reproduced is a good example of what can be accomplished in landscape photography with a pin-hole camera. The aperture used was one-sixtieth of an inch in diameter and the exposure was one minute, with the plate ten inches from the pin-hole. With an ordinary camera it is necessary to focus the object upon the screen, but with a pin-hole camera no focussing is required, the definition of the image being the same at all distances from the aperture. The best results with a pin-hole one-sixtieth of an inch in diameter are obtained, however, with the sensitive plate four inches from the aperture. For the photography of buildings or other objects in which long straight lines appear, a pin-hole camera is superior to a lens because all the lines are shown truly straight instead of appearing slightly curved, as they often are when an ordinary camera is used. Moreover, a plain aperture is better than a lens for representing gradations of shade, tone, atmosphere, and other effects which artists miss in photographic pictures generally. The chief disadvantage of the pin-hole camera is that the length of exposure required is several hundred times greater than that necessary with a lens and the usual aperture. It is impossible, therefore, to obtain instantaneous photographs with pin-hole cameras, but if exposures of one or two minutes can be given, as when taking architectural or landscape views, or even when much longer exposures are required for the interior of buildings, the plain aperture may often be used with advantage in the place of a lens.

Physical Types in Relation to Diseases

AN interesting investigation on the relation between bodily characteristics and various diseases has been carried out by Dr. F. C.



OLD MALDEN CHURCH, SURREY, MAY 23, 1904
From a "pin-hole" photograph taken by Mr. Butterworth.
(The reproduction is half the size of original photograph.)

Shrubsall. The results show that certain physical features occur in greater frequency among hospital patients suffering from particular diseases than among the general populace of the areas from which the patients are drawn. It appears that people afflicted with rheumatism and heart disease are, on the average, a little taller than the general population in the sphere of attraction of the hospital, while patients suffering from consumption, nervous diseases and cancer are shorter than the general average. In a similar way blond people appear to be the chief sufferers from disorders of a rheumatic nature, such as tonsillitis, acute rheumatism, and heart disease, while brunettes predominate among patients with consumption, nervous disorders and cancer. Other disorders show no particular distinction of persons. These results have been found to hold good for London, York, Southampton, Shrewsbury, and a number of other places in the British Isles where the inquiry has been made, and confirmatory evidence as regards tuberculosis has been obtained in Germany and Switzerland. The mortality from the diseases mentioned is thus connected with the relative frequency with which certain physical types occur in a population.



Varieties

A Soldier's Wife in South Africa

IN Mr. H. C. Moore's charming book *Noble Deeds of the World's Heroines*, published by the Religious Tract Society, there is an account of "Three Soldiers' Wives." These women distinguished themselves in 1880, when a detachment of the 2nd Connaught Rangers were attacked, while escorting transport-wagons, by an ambush of Boers, who greatly outnumbered them, and after a fierce fight compelled them to surrender. During the fight and after it the women rendered help to the wounded and dying. Two of them, Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Maistre, were recommended for the Red Cross, and received the coveted decoration. Mrs. Smith's whereabouts, however, was not known to the authorities. They did not, in fact, know whether she was alive, and consequently she was not recommended for the Red Cross.

The sequel is an interesting one. Mr. Moore's book having reached South Africa, it has been read by Mrs. Smith's daughter, who now gives the news that her mother is still alive. The letter, with the omission of some personal details, is as follows:—

"No. 1, Stoneleigh Terrace, Walmer Road,
"Port Elizabeth, S.A.,
"Nov. 26th, 1904.

"HENRY CHARLES MOORE, Esq.

"SIR,—I happened to get your book this week (entitled *Noble Deeds of the World's Heroines*) from the South End Public School Library, Port Elizabeth, and reading came across the description of the attack of the Boers on the 2nd Connaught Rangers, who were escorting a wagon-train from Lydenburg to Pretoria, and further on the account reads, 'After a time the whereabouts of Mrs. Smith became unknown to the authorities, so she was not recommended for the Red Cross.' As I am one of the children mentioned in the chapter (and the only surviving one) I thought I should like to write and let you know that my mother is still living. [Then follows her present address.—ED. L. H.] I have a silver medal, and the Resolution of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in England, signed by John St. John, General, Chancellor, and Edmund A. H. Lechmere, Bart., Secty.; Registered No. 435, presented to Mrs. Marion Smith on Dec. 13th, 1881. . . . I was the little girl who received a slight bullet-wound on the forehead.

"Trusting you will excuse the liberty I have taken,

"I am, yours respectfully,
"JESSIE M. GLEED (born SMITH)."

Philip James Bailey and Nottingham

MR. J. A. HAMMERTON writes to us:—"I am informed of an inaccuracy in my reference to the house at Basford, Nottingham, in which the late Philip James Bailey wrote *Festus*. Mr. G. Harry Wallis, the well-known director of the Notting-

ham Art Gallery, who is related to Bailey by marriage, writes to me as follows:—"The property now belongs to the Midland Railway Company, who bought it from P. J. Bailey many years ago. I was informed some time ago that it is the intention of the Railway Company to pull it down for railway extension, but the authorities at Derby have promised to let me know when this takes place, so that the decorative iron entrance gates may be preserved.' It is good to know that so interesting a literary landmark is still standing; and that when it must go, a souvenir of it will remain."

Astronomical Notes for March

THE vernal equinox will take place on the 21st, when the Sun will be vertical over the Equator about 7 o'clock in the morning. On the 1st day of the month he will rise, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 6h. 48m. in the morning, and set at 5h. 38m. in the evening; on the 11th he will rise at 6h. 26m. and set at 5h. 55m., and on the 21st rise at 6h. 4m. and set at 6h. 12m. At the beginning of the month he will be on the meridian about 13 minutes past 12 by our clocks, but this will continuously diminish, and by the end of the month the difference between true and apparent time will be little more than four minutes. The Greenwich times of the Moon's phases will be: New at 5h. 19m. on the morning of the 6th; First Quarter at 9 o'clock on that of the 14th; Full at 4h. 56m. on that of the 21st; and Last Quarter at 9h. 35m. on the evening of the 27th. The Moon will be in apogee, or furthest from the Earth, about 7 o'clock on the morning of the 8th, and in perigee, or nearest us, a little before 11 o'clock on that of the 21st, when exceptionally high tides may be expected. An annular eclipse of the Sun will take place on the 6th, but the central line will be confined to the southern part of the Indian Ocean and to south-eastern Australia. Most of the Australasian Islands will have a partial eclipse, and also the coast of Natal; but no part of the phenomenon will be visible in Europe, Asia, or America. The Moon will occult Gamma Tauri on the evening of the 12th, when the disappearance and reappearance will take place at 10h. 11m. and 11h. 6m. (Greenwich time) respectively; and Beta Virginis on that of the 20th, disappearance at 9h. 2m. and reappearance at 9h. 49m. The planet Mercury will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 10th, but will become visible in the evening towards the end of the month, situated near the boundary of the constellations Pisces and Aries. Venus is at her greatest brilliancy as an evening star on the 21st, moving in a north-easterly direction in the constellation Aries. Mars rises about midnight in the constellation Libra. Jupiter is still brilliant in the evening, but sets earlier each night; he will be in conjunction with Venus (to the south of her) on the 8th. Saturn is in the constellation Aquarius, and rises not long before the Sun.—W. T. LYNN.

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The slow digestion of meats and undercooked porridges robs the brain of its blood and makes it dull. Not only do Grape-Nuts contain the brain building elements phosphate of potash, albumen, etc., but they are quickly and easily assimilated and turned into blood, which the brain must have to do its work well.

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- 1 Box Maggi's Consommé, the perfection of clear soups.
- 2 Tablets Maggi's Mock Turtle Soup.
- 2 " Maggi's Mulligatawny (curry) Soup.
- 1 Tablet Maggi's Londonderry Soup.
- 1 " Maggi's Bisque.
- 6 Tablets other soups (6 varieties).

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"Hearth and Home" says:—"FOR ALL WEATHERS. One word should be in the mouth of those who are about to buy gowns for outdoor wear—is the material 'Pirle' finished? If so, it will not spot or cockle, rain has no effect upon it, and even sea-water fails to mark."



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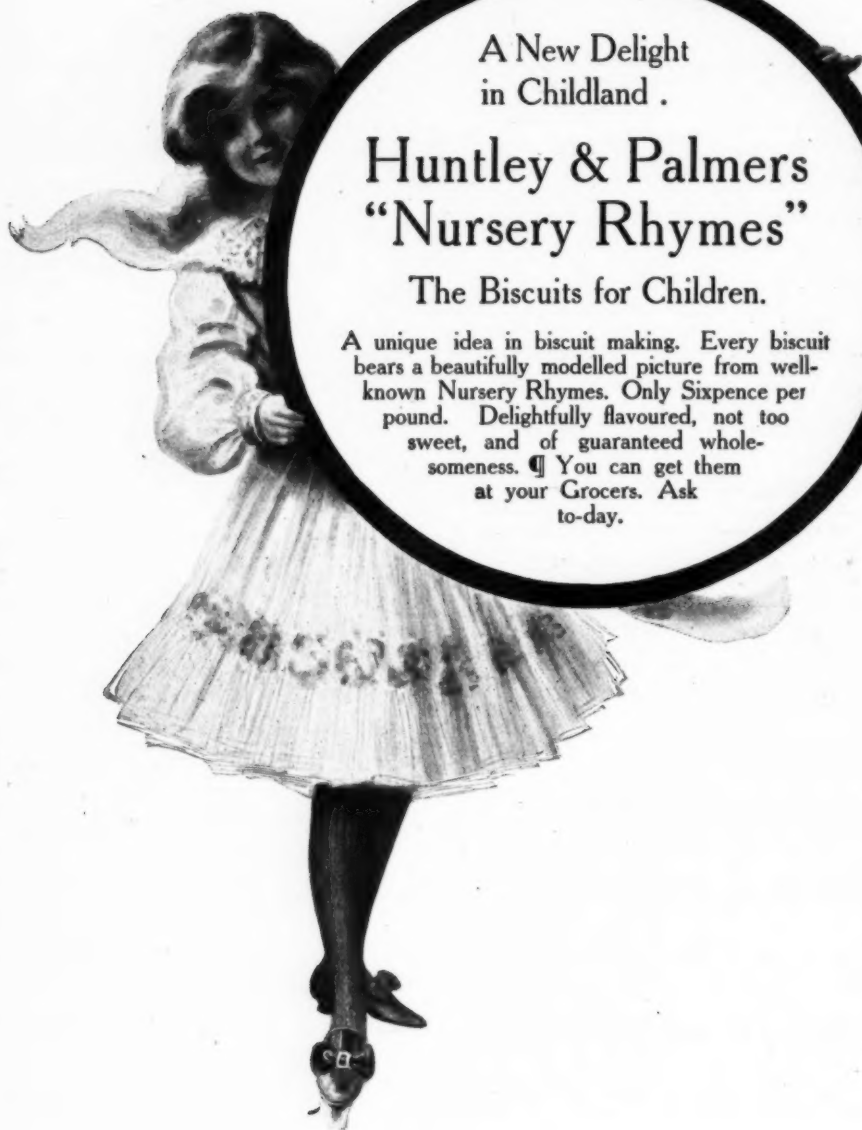
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A unique idea in biscuit making. Every biscuit bears a beautifully modelled picture from well-known Nursery Rhymes. Only Sixpence per pound. Delightfully flavoured, not too sweet, and of guaranteed wholesomeness. ¶ You can get them at your Grocers. Ask to-day.

Women's Interests

The Smile of the Children

EVERY ONE knows how benevolent the English people are, and how much is done by a variety of institutions to reclaim from a life of misery and degradation the children of drunken or dissolute parents, and those left orphans under conditions that entail only the education of the streets, but it is only when the process of reclamation is seen at close quarters that the whole meaning of the work is realised.

In South London some fifty years ago a benevolent maiden lady decided to devote her lonely life and her large empty house to the care and education of children of very tender years that were worse than motherless. It was impossible to adopt a regiment of them, and the education had to be temporary. About four dozen little girls could be housed at once, and these were taken in at any age from three to thirteen, to be first washed and then taught the usages of civilisation, and subsequently rendered proficient in useful work that might lead ultimately to domestic service. The establishment became known as Miss Rye's Home, and till within a very few years, when it was placed under the control of the Church of England Society for Waifs and Strays, the foundress lived amid her *protégées*, and generally accompanied them on their walk to and from church on Sundays.

Owing to the number of applicants the time of training became ultimately reduced to a minimum of six months, after which the children went to another Home in Canada, there to be rendered fit for outdoor life, and finally to be drafted to farms here and there all over the Colony, where, as a rule, their future was creditable and comfortable, some being adopted, others receiving a good wage and ultimately marrying and becoming the mothers of another generation of Canadians.

Many reports of such institutions publish portraits of the children when caught and again when tamed; in the one case they are ragged and unkempt, in the other decorously dressed and very respectable and uninteresting to look at. The children require to be seen in the flesh, at work and at play, ere it can be realised that a few months' residence under the supervision and control of a lady, and amid clean and spacious surroundings, will not only modify a child's expression and movements, but will so change its features that it will become unrecognisable. Think of a child that could not sleep on a bed, at first, that actually got up in the dark, rolled itself in a blanket and crept under the bed, probably to escape the expected blows that had been part of its earlier experience, and then imagine a life into which ill-usage and evil language do not enter, a life of sufficient food and undisturbed sleep and cleanliness and peace, and the effect of this at the most impressionable and rapidly growing time!

The period of residence at the Home has been lengthened under the present régime; a child if she is not very robust need not now be sent away under two years. A number of the children whom I saw in the Christmas holidays taking part in a dramatised version of Grimm's *Little Snow-white*, might, in their pretty, tasteful, home-made fancy

dresses, have belonged to the family of any lady, so refined was their appearance, and so graceful were their movements. One child sang charmingly, and two or three had obvious dramatic talents, and played their little parts with spirit and intelligence.

That these children must be sent out of the country where they would be so useful in the very thin ranks of domestic service, indicates the cruel conditions from which they have emerged. As soon as they become capable of earning money by any method, good or evil, the harpies among their kindred would be ready to pounce on them and drag them back whence they have emerged. To render the severance therefore not merely nominally but actually final, there is no exception to the rule that the child must be put beyond the reach of interference, beyond the contamination of contact with parents who would claim the rights of paternity without having ever fulfilled any of its obligations.

Many a comfortably-placed mother who thinks herself a model in the parental relation could learn several useful lessons from a talk with the matron of this admirably kept Home. For example, the whole of the little Christmas play is prepared entirely that the children may edify and entertain themselves and each other. There is therefore no thought of public opinion or the applause of strangers. If these are invited and come, well and good, if not no disappointment is felt. Again, the moods of the children are observed; bad spirits may be due not to sulkiness but to the private wounds inflicted by another child, because young hearts from the Seven Dials can be quite as sensitive as those from May Fair. The habit of personal remarks is much more discouraged in Homes for Waifs and Strays than it is in many an aristocratic nursery.

Recently I heard the question discussed: Which does most for the cause of humanity, the organisation which reclaims the wastrel and the loafer and turns these into useful men, or that which prevents children from degenerating, and forms their minds and builds up their bodies from the young years? Where both are excellent and equally needed, comparison profiteth nothing.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

PERSONAL

E. S. B.—When people have reached their full stature nothing can be guaranteed to increase the height, though instances have been known when a period of illness entailing protracted rest in bed has added more than an inch to the stature of people between twenty and thirty years of age. This aid cannot, however, be prescribed. Sandow's exercises are excellent for development, and may be used with benefit at any time of life. The Sandow system has received the cordial approval of the medical profession, and it can be learned by correspondence as well as at the various teaching centres, though oral and practical teaching are always an advantage when available.

H H

Women's Interests

DOMESTIC

Sunshine.—For silver in constant use I fear there is no labour-saver that will take the place of a good plate-powder, of which the safest is probably Goddard's, which I have used for many years and have found excellent. But for ornamental silver, trophies, decorative articles for the dinner-table, dressing-table, and drawing-room, you will find Zapon an absolute preventive of tarnish. It is a process of applying an imperceptible enamel to the surface; this renders the silver air-proof, while it makes no difference whatever to the appearance of the article treated. The treatment is not for home application, as it requires the use of electric dynamos, gas-engines and certain boiling liquids. The process can be seen at the Gold and Silver Plating Works, 166 Queen's Road, Bayswater, immediately opposite a section of Whiteley's. Small silver curios can be kept in their natural state in one of the glass-topped curio tables which make an interesting object in many drawing-rooms.

Young Mother.—Left-handed children should be taught to write with the left hand, but the difficulty in carrying this out is so excessive, as teachers think such ideas fads and even wrong, that your boy will certainly be taught right-handed writing also, and will try to learn it too when at school, because he will not wish to seem odd. But the right-hand writing will never be good writing. Some people think that efforts to make left-handed people right-handed is an actual crime against their development, and always results in a certain dulling of their natural intelligence. The late Charles Reade was an ardent advocate of equal use of both hands, as he was of opinion that this doubled the mental as well as the physical capacity of the individual. Many people draw, play games, shoot, and even fence with the left hand, but have been laboriously taught right-hand writing. This in itself does no harm, but the left-hand product would have been a much better and more flowing calligraphy. Left-hand writing can be learned at any time. A friend of mine who writes always and beautifully with the left hand, taught himself to do so, when an injury to the thumb had incapacitated the right hand for some months.

Catherine.—For brass and white metal there is no application equal to the Matchless Metal Polish prepared by the firm of that name at Leeds Street, Liverpool. It really is deserving of its name; it is always ready for application. The firm is well known, and produces other household specifics whose use also ensures approval.

EMPLOYMENT

Mab.—You might find such occupation as you seek advertised in *Women's Employment*, to be bought monthly at any bookstall, or an advertisement there might help you. Practical knowledge of the work is indispensable to success. Semi-training can obtain employment, but it always means semi-salary.

Emigrant.—The British Women's Emigration

Association issues a monthly periodical, price 2½d. post free, which supplies ever-fresh information regarding openings for women in the Colonies. It can be had from the office of the British Women's Emigration Association, The Imperial Institute, London.

Emma H.—Sick Nursing and Physical Drill on the Swedish System are two occupations open to candidates no longer very young. Nursing probationers are eligible till thirty-six years of age, and physical drill may be studied by intending teachers until forty years of age. For children's nurses the training may begin at twenty-four, and this is one occupation in which increase of years is no drawback, until the period of decrepitude.

MISCELLANEOUS

Old Gratine.—Every town parish seems to have its jumble sale now-a-days, and all sorts of domestic flotsam and jetsam are welcome there, and the Salvation Army can utilise literally anything, as remaking and mending all sorts of things is one of the ways in which useful employment is found for untrained workers. I have just heard of a new Oddment Bazaar at Seaforth near Liverpool. The first object is to supply clothing cheaply for very poor people, and articles sent in, after being sorted, are sold every afternoon, the proceeds going to pension certain cripples and incurables. The report of this Bazaar contains several pathetic incidents. A poor gentleman has himself mended ten times the boots he purchased at the Oddment Sale. A poor lady whose outlay on dress is confined to £1 per annum, found a pair of stockings available for 2d. such a boon. Another old lady keeps a lending library by which she makes about 2s. per week. Any discarded novels would be welcomed by her. It is requested that gloves and stockings be attached to each other when sent in, and that bodices be fastened to the skirts, as separate pieces of one garment depreciate in value or prove unsaleable. Rummage, Seaforth, near Liverpool, is sufficient address. It is requested that parcels be prepaid. No goods are too worn to prove acceptable.

Very Poorly.—Abstinence from meat is believed to act as a preventive of rheumatism. A friend of mine told me lately that she has not tasted meat for four years, and is almost entirely free of the rheumatic affection to which she was once a martyr. As people grow older I feel sure they could advantageously lessen the consumption of meat, substituting fruit or vegetables with advantage. A very good book of vegetarian recipes is *The Reform Cookery Book*, price 6d., published by John Menzies and Co., Glasgow and Edinburgh. A threepenny quarterly called *The Herald of the Golden Age* is an ardent advocate of a fruit diet, and it certainly offers some wonderful records of the physical feats achieved by strict fruitarians.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed—"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.





IN THOUGHTFUL MOOD

Prize Drawing, by Gertrude J. Hallett, *The Leisure Hour* Elsteddfod

The Fireside Club

Of which we consider every Reader a Member

TENNYSON AS A NATURE POET

III.—SEA PICTURES.

1. "The wrinkled sea."
2. "The houseless ocean's heaving field."
3. "The deep moans round with many voices."
4. "Wandering fields of barren foam."
5. "The purple twilights under the sea."
6. "Crisp foam flakes scud along the level sand."
7. "The sunlit ocean tosses."
8. "The roaring sea."
9. "Dark-purple spheres of sea."
10. "I heard the shingle grinding in the surge."
11. "The green salt sea."
12. "The climbing wave."
13. "The sea-wind sang, Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam."

A prize of the value of Five Shillings is offered for the first answer tracing correctly these thirteen pictures.

All answers must be delivered at 4 Bouverie Street by the 15th of the month.

The prize for tracing II., "Studies of Sound," is awarded to R. M. CATCHPOLE, 11 Jerningham Road, New Cross.

ON OUR BOOK TABLE

Books noticed: LAFCADIO HEARN'S *Japan*, Macmillans, 6s. F. H. SKRINE'S *Expansion of Russia*, Cambridge University Press, 6s. LADY BROOME'S *Colonial Memories*, Smith, Elder, 6s. NORMAN DUNCAN'S *Doctor Luke*, Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. R. C. LEHMANN'S *Sun-Child*, Bradbury, Agnew and Co., 6s. C. TURLEY'S *Godfrey Marten, Undergraduate*, Heinemann, 6s. J. A. HAMMERTON'S *Call of the Town*, Everett, 3s. 6d. L. T. MEADE'S *Girls of Mrs. Pritchard's School*, Chambers, 6s. STANLEY WEYMAN'S *Abbess of Vlaze*, Longmans, 6s. LA FONTAINE'S *Fables*, illustrated, T. Nelson and Sons, 5s. COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY'S and MISS BROOKE-HUNT'S *Golden String*, John Murray, 5s. *Precipices*, and *Francis the Saint*, 6d. each, from Salvation Army Head-quarters, 81 Fortress Road, N.W. A. L. HAYDON'S *Canada*, Cassells, 2s. 6d.

The Japanese and Russian Empires have been making history so rapidly during recent months that the late Lafcadio Hearn's *Japan*, and Mr. F. H. Skrine's *Expansion of Russia*, now in its second edition, might seem out-of-date, were it not that both volumes are written from sound knowledge, and in the case of *Japan* by one peculiarly skilled to estimate the character and deep-lying tendencies of that great nation.

Mr. Hearn's previous books about Japan made his name as a literary artist, an impressionist as gifted in transmitting as he was skilled to perceive things of beauty, one to whom art for art's sake seemed almost aim enough. It comes, therefore, with a touch of surprise, this interpretation, as he called it, of what underlies the surface beauty and charm, this closely-reasoned tracing back of the

causes of the social organisation, the disciplined individuality of the Japanese which so impress the onlooker to-day. *The Religion of the Home, The Communal Cult, The Rise of the Military Power, The Jesuit Peril, and Modern Industrial Dangers* are among many suggestive chapter-headings, while the few concluding pages of *Reflections*, dated after the war began and just before the lamented death of the author, are a comment of immense value on the present state of affairs.

Mr. Skrine's book on *Russia* we hope may, in its next edition, include some such chapter bringing it up to date. For the rest Mr. Skrine's volume is worthy of the *Cambridge Historical Series* in which it appears, a series, to quote its editor, "intended for the use of all persons anxious to understand the existing political conditions." We learn how remarkably the Empire has expanded during the nineteenth century—in commerce, in education, as in population and territory.

In Lady Broome's *Colonial Memories*, mature minds will be delighted to find another volume by the author of *Stories About*, a book of unforgettably good writing for young folks, which made its mark a generation ago. Lady Broome has travelled and seen much since that first book—and this new volume is full of interest. It has all the happy discursiveness of a good feminine style without a shadow of tedium—and these chapters of reminiscence reflect a personality never egotistical, and of which we should like to know more.

Doctor Luke, Mr. Norman Duncan's first novel, makes good the promise of his earlier writings. He can construct a good drama of elemental human nature, and the local colour, or more truly the colourlessness, the grim black and white, the rocks and snow, the hardships and limitation of Labrador coast-life are intensely real and present in his book. Mr. Boyd's pictures are disappointing. In this study of mother-love Davy's descriptions raise one's sympathy and admiration for his mother to a degree of enthusiasm painfully disillusioned by so commonplace an illustration. Of the character of Skipper Tommy Lovejoy, also, Mr. Boyd has expressed much less than we might have expected.

The Sun-Child, by Mr. Lehmann, is a fairy story of quite a unique order, difficult to place. Not an allegory or a parable, neither a fable nor a moral tale, it has an unconventional virtue and loveliness all its own. The drawings by Thomas Maybank recall the charming fantasies of Leech, his great forerunner in the pages of *Punch*. So tiny are some of the fairies in these fascinating visions, one almost requires a magnifying-glass to spy out all their sweet faces and their happy fun.

Godfrey Marten, Undergraduate, is a good sequel to Mr. Turley's story of the same boy at school. We have a detailed account of Oxford life, and studies of many types of character—told in the same monosyllabic school-boy English as that of the earlier book. *Godfrey* is a kindly, straightforward, clean-minded, cheerful, intelligent fellow

The Fireside Club

of the non-intellectual sort, keen about sport, resigned to education, and typically so averse to any expression of idealism or sentiment that we almost wonder how he brought himself to write anything even so guardedly effusive as the last sentence of his autobiography—

"There is a link which those who love Oxford as Fred, Jack and I loved her, cannot break: it is the debt which we owe to her, for we shall never be able to repay it in full."

Mr. Hammerton's hero, a lad of parts in a country village, who responds to *The Call of the Town*, and works his journalistic way to London, is a convincingly didactic character, worth study. There is not a didactic page from beginning to end, and yet we see for ourselves how dangerously near he was to becoming a self-styled superior person, despising the familiar home-circle.

"The father's ignorant ways, the vicar's little affectations of learning, his mother's curl-papers, his sister's dowdiness of dress—these were the things that caused them to recede to the background of the young man's mind . . . and all the time he was uneasily conscious that he was himself at fault, and they wholesomer bits of God's handiwork than he."

He comes well through this difficult period of mental growth, and finds, as he puts it, that

"I'm not the first who went to gather wisdom, and came back empty-handed to find it at my door."

The Girls of Mrs. Pritchard's School are described for the benefit of other girls by L. T. Meade, in an interesting and cleverly illustrated story. The young heroine, charming but unscrupulous, is, by an ingeniously contrived plot, made to stand self-revealed as an impostor. Besides the group of greatly differing school-girls, Mrs. Meade introduces us to some grown-up folk—including a scholarly old clergyman, whose truly unique library is thus described:—

"The walls were completely lined with bookcases, and these bookcases were filled with books all in uniform leather bindings, with the coat-of-arms of the Rector engraved on the back. From the time of the Venerable Bede to the latest novel of the present day, there was a delicate and unbroken line of literature in the Rector's library."

Mr. Stanley Weyman reminds us of some skilful conjuror who begins by tossing up and catching to throw again, one or two balls, and adds another and another until he amazes you by keeping a dozen or so in constant motion. In the first chapter of *The Abbess of Flaye* Monsieur Des Ageaux is thrown into a play of hairbreadth incident, and kept going brilliantly until the last page of the story, by which time a host of other folk have been added to the spectacle and kept each in ceaseless action, still from one hazard to another thrown, with almost bewildering sleight of hand.

"The bare dull moral weariness soon brings;
The story serves to give it life and wings,"

said the author of *La Fontaine's Fables*, and Mr. Edward Shirley has now rendered that life into English verse—while Carton Moore Park and René Bull have added beautiful wings of colour and design in their inimitable animal drawings. A delightful book.

That hospitality is incomplete which does not fill the bookshelf as well as spread the table for the

guest. Every guest should find in his room at least half-a-dozen worthy books to choose among, and let one of these be a day-book such as *Golden String*, packed with well-varied selections of verse and prose. In this volume, the latest of its kind, the compilers have gathered from many unwonted sources; Maeterlinck or Jeremy Taylor, Burns or Pres. Roosevelt, H. G. Wells or George Herbert, any of these may be the oracle for the day, and that day, as indeed every day, the inquiring mind will be well satisfied.

From the Salvation Army offices come two publications we can recommend to our readers. The first is called *Precipices*, a *Sketch of Salvation Army Social Work*. It contains chapters on starvation, drunkenness, gambling, dishonesty, child ruin, and other terrible dangers of our crowded cities. To those of us who are anxious to know how to save our poorer fellow-men and women from falling over these precipices towards which they so helplessly drift, this book makes strong appeal.

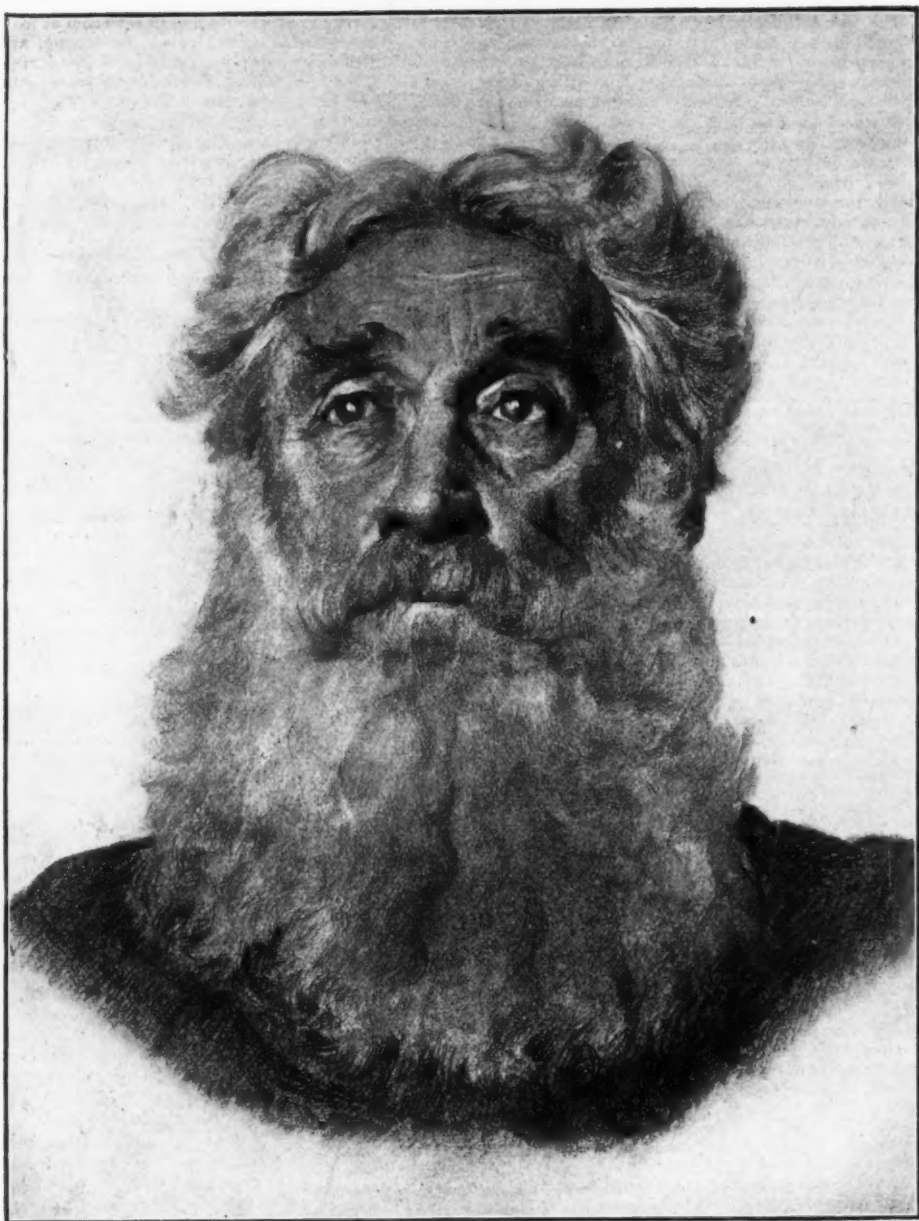
From the same printing office comes the life-story, as General Booth calls it (in an introductory preface), "of one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen—Francis of Assisi . . . there can be no two opinions as to his having taught and manifested to the world what it means to be possessed entirely by the Saviour's spirit." *Francis the Saint* is called, we note, "No. 1 of the Red Hot Library." Brigadier Eileen Douglas, the author, has brought together with much literary skill the records of this beautiful life, and the book should be widely read.

For Messrs. Cassell's series about Our Empire, Mr. Haydon has written the volume on *Canada, Britain's Largest Colony*. Canada possesses, Lord Strathcona reminds us in an introductory preface, almost every known mineral, is one of the principal sources of the world's wood supply, feeds the Mother Country with every product of the temperate zone, has fresh and salt water fisheries of world-wide repute, and only lacks sufficient men and women to develop its boundless resources. Mr. Haydon tells us much about all the provinces, British Columbia, Quebec, Ontario, and all the rest, down to the least of the giant sisterhood, wheat-growing Manitoba, whose "No. 1 Hard" grain ranks first in the markets of the world.

Civilisation has made advances as rapid and notable as agriculture, and the beautiful young cities of our Great Dominion are well described. The book is handsomely bound, well illustrated, and printed in succinct paragraphs.

Also received: Corporal WETTON's *With Rundle's Eighth Division*, a khaki-bound record of a volunteer's experiences in the Boer War, Drane, 3s. 6d. E. METCALFE's *Memoir of Rosamund Davenport Hill*, who was for nearly twenty years an invaluable member of the late London School Board, Longmans, 2s. 6d. J. G. BARTHOLOMEW's *Handy Atlas of the British Empire*, a first-rate little book, Newnes, 1s. GEORGE MACDONALD's *Fairy Tales*, a reissue of these graceful and poetic stories, at 6d. each.





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Our Chess Page

Problem, Solving, and Retractor Tourneys

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Problem Tourney.—Seven Pounds Ten Shillings in Prizes. Open until May 1, 1905. For particulars see p. 263.

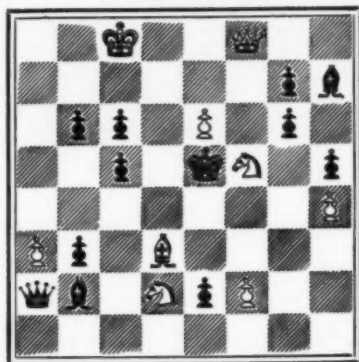
Solving Competition.—For particulars see p. 87.

Solutions to the two following problems must be sent in before April 12.

No. 9. "*Si gam os.*"

By KONRAD ERLIN.

BLACK—12 MEN



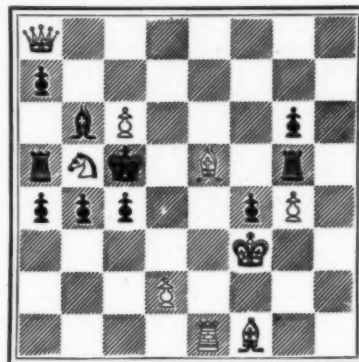
WHITE—9 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 10. "*Riche en images.*"

By KONRAD ERLIN.

BLACK—10 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

New Retractors Competition.—For particulars see p. 351.

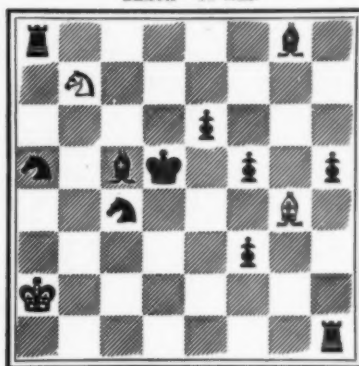
Solutions to the following must be sent in before April 12, 1905.

Problem No. II.

"He dies and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!"

2 *Henry VI.*, Act III. sc. iii. l. 29.

BLACK—11 MEN



WHITE—3 MEN

1. White played last, but must retract his move.
2. Black to retract his last move.
3. Black to play so as to allow
4. White to give mate.

Solutions—(Key moves only):—

No. 5. Q—K 1.

No. 6. Kt—Q Kt 4.

Solutions received from:—

PROBLEMS.

Nos. 1—6: PERCY OSBORN.

Nos. 1—4: J. W. RAWSON-ACKROYD, E. ATFIELD, JAS. BLAND, A. G. BRADLEY, WM. B. MUIR, E. J. FORBES, CHAS. SALT, G. J. SLATER, J. TAYLOR, DAVID WALKER, JAS. WHITE, F. U. WILHELMY.

Nos. 1 and 2: C. HINDELANG, E. YOUNG.

Nos. 2, 3 and 4: ALICE ADAMS.

Nos. 1 and 4: SERGT.-MAJOR GRAHAM.

Nos. 3—6: H. BALSON.

Nos. 3 and 4: J. H. BILLINGTON, HERBERT H. CLEAVER, EMMA M. DAVEY,¹ COL. FORBES, S. W. FRANCIS, A. J. HEAD, EUGENE HENRY, C. V. HOWARD, W. J. JULEFF, J. A. ROBERTS, A. O. SCHORN, HERBERT STRONG, ISABEL R. THOMAS.

Nos. 5 and 6: no name (18 Clephane Road, N.).

¹ *Pitracu!* has not three solutions as you suggest. If 1. K—Q 8, P—K 4, 2. B×Kt, P×B becomes a Kt, and there is no mate. This manoeuvre applies to 1. B×Kt, etc.

Proposed Correspondence Match.—At last we have received a challenge from Ireland, which we hope to be in a position to take up. If a satisfactory arrangement can be arrived at, all particulars with the names of the teams will be published next month. We anticipate a most interesting match. May the better team win.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "*The Leisure Hour*," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Bistedford Ticket from the Contents page.*



Photo by George Thow

TYNINGHAME ON THE TYNE
(Residence of the Earl of Haddington.)

Tynninghame

THE glory of Tynninghame is its gardens and trees. Since the days of the sixth Earl of Haddington, the Lords of Tynninghame, the charming mansion in East Lothian, have given much attention to the arts of arboriculture and horticulture. For an art it is, as Binning Wood shows. This wood covers 360 acres, and was carefully planned. Avenues cross each other in all directions, and have their respective beginnings in one of three large open centres, the chief of which is star-shaped. Trees are everywhere, and very old favourites are supported by chains and rods. The designing

has been a labour of love with the Lords of Haddington; and the heir, Lord Binning, with the enthusiastic co-operation of Lady Binning, is at present effecting improvements on the demesne. A beautiful feature of Tynninghame gardens is the Apple Walk, a rich sight when the blossom is out. Near at hand is a two-centuries-old bowling-green with the finest turf in the county. And a semi-wild pleasure ground "The Wilderness" has in the late spring-time countless numbers of delicate primroses.

GEORGE THOW.

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